The Nation

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The Week

If the late William James were alive, he could find in the utterances of certain Republican newspapers the best possible example of the will to believe. The *Ohio State Journal*, for instance, sees the now shattered party resuming its former sway "under brighter and happier auspices than for many years past." By the disappearance of the Progressives? Not at all. Of course, this thorn in the Republican flesh "will never make a party. It is simply a protest against the old leadership which will disappear when the Republican party comes back, rejuvenated, refreshed, and born again." The great event now in process is the destruction of the Democratic party. President Wilson is the only force that keeps it together. That is, it may have survived the Civil War and the free-silver blunder, but it cannot be expected to live through so distressing an occurrence as its enemy's almost mortal illness. But logic is logic. The President's party "is maintaining the boss system, while the Republican party is making a strong fight against it," and in a few brief moons the Opposition will be centred in the Republican party, "with Aldrich, Cannon, Penrose, Gallinger, et al., promoted to the rank of voters." This would leave us with only one party, which ought to get all the offices back; but who would be so cruel as to prick so rosy a bubble?

The blighting effect of the merit system, dimly foreseen by the politicians, is now plainly apparent. It has become necessary to coax men to apply for positions. The Civil Service Commission frankly confesses its inability to get the right sort of appointees for certain places. One of these is described as a "real prize," being the post of professor of pharmacology in the Public Health Service. It pays $4,500 a year. Yet no one asks for it—no one, that is, whom the Commission is willing to accept. Would such a condition have been conceivable a decade or two ago? Why, there was not a Congressman in those halcyon days who would not have been overcome with humiliation if he had been unable to put his finger upon a dozen able and willing professors of pharmacology in every township in his district. No village would have been too poor to furnish a few applicants for any forty-five-hundred-dollar job that the Government could list. But all this talent has vanished at the wave of the Commission's wand. "Broad training," this body demands, and "extensive practical experience in various branches of pharmacology, physiology, physiological and pharmaceutical chemistry, and chemotherapy." Is it any wonder that the job is driven to seek the man?

In the San Francisco *Journal of Commerce*, Robert Dollar, himself an owner of merchant steamers, has thrown considerable light on the failure of even a single shipowner to register under the American flag foreign ships owned exclusively by Americans engaged in the foreign trade of the United States. It had confidently been expected that this provision of the recent Panama Canal Act would bring a number of fine steamships under the American flag. Mr. Dollar contrasts the cost of maintaining a British and American steamer:

> British Stmr. *M. S. Dollar:* Cost to operate per day, $100.81; deadweight capacity, 6600; lumber carrying capacity, 3,200,000 feet.
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> American Stmr. *Grace Dollar:* Cost to operate per day, $133.15; deadweight capacity, 2300; lumber carrying capacity, 1,100,000 feet.

Some of the disadvantages of the American steamer are as follows: The American measurement of cargo steamers is 30 per cent. larger than foreign measurement, and this governs the sums to be paid out for tonnage tax, dry-docking, pilotage, etc. Foreign steamers do not usually carry quartermasters, while the American must carry four. In the engine-room the American steamer carries an extra engineer "and three water tenders, men who do nothing but draw the pay they do not earn. No foreign cargo ships carry them. . . . Then, by the new law just enforced, one extra mate is added; and still another wrinkle, if your crew exceeds fifty you must put up a wireless plant on the vessel and carry two wireless operators."

According to Mr. Dollar, the cost of these extra hands on an American steamer amounts in one year to $8,220, or 4 per cent. on an investment of $200,000—a heavy handicap at the very outset for the American owner. Mr. Dollar also complains of the severe test to which American boilers are annually subjected when the Government inspector applies a hydrostatic pressure of one and a half times the working pressure. This, he thinks, has much to do with our frequent boiler explosions. American inspectors are, moreover, less considerate than foreigners in taking up a ship's time and interfering with her loading and unloading. One of our new regulations requires that at the expiration of the year for which the ship has been passed by the Government, she must be reinspected at the first American port at which she calls, instead of being permitted to return to her home port and thus save money for her owners and the Government. Finally, it is gratifying to note that Mr. Dollar asks only that in the foreign trade American owners be allowed to operate under the same conditions as their competitors. He would have Congress stop passing bills whose sole purpose seems to him to be "to restrict and restrain the operation of American-owned vessels."

The pamphlet Mr. Sulzer is sending out in order to convince people that the real animus of his impeachment is resentment against him for uncovering Tammany frauds through his special investigator, John A. Hennessy, is indubitably impressive as to the Tammany rascality, particularly as it is able to cite as proof the indictment of Bart Dunn, a Tammany Hall member of the State Committee, and of William H. Whegand, one of the Democratic bosses of Rockland County. Mr. Hennessy charges that a contractors' ring has since 1908 crowded out honest builders of roads and specifically affirms that the State's inspectors and engineers were, to the extent of two-thirds of their number, "O. K.'d by Thomas F. Smith for Tammany, by John F. McCooey, by Fitzpatrick, of Buffalo, and by Kelley, of Syracuse. Some of them were barbers, some of them were liquor-dealers. Some of them had no known

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vocation. The remainder were appointed by members of the State Committee in their respective districts. . . . Some of these fellows rarely saw the roads, but cheerfully signed estimates every month upon which bills were paid." That is precisely the Tammany method of doing things; it is the Hall's idea of doing the people's business. But as proof that Sulzer should not have been impeached, it is ridiculous.

A notable reform in the Appellate practice in New York has at last been accomplished. The Court of Appeals, in Barnett against Malloy, has approved the bills passed last year at the instance of the Bar Association's Law Reform Committee. This brings New York abreast of what has been the English practice since 1875, and abolishes an abuse that crept into the law in 1830. In 1912 the Code of Civil Procedure was amended so as to give the Appellate Division power, in reviewing a judgment, to render a judgment of affirmance or reversal and final judgment on the rights of the parties, or to modify the judgment below, instead of requiring the granting of a new trial. And this has been sustained by the Court of Appeals in the case above mentioned. It applies only to equity cases and cases where the court below could have directed a verdict. The Constitution of New York guarantees a right to a jury trial in other cases, and this prevents the reform from being extended to them. The Law Reform Committee of the Bar Association deserves credit for its work in bringing about reforms in our procedure. Since 1909 substantially fifty recommendations made by this Committee for the simplification of our procedure and the expedition of trials have been enacted into law.

It is so seldom possible to say a hearty good word for the work of a State Legislature that the record of Georgia's deserves notice. It assembled June 25 and adjourned August 14, being limited by law to fifty days. Although it began in the usual way of Legislatures, uncertainly and with little promise of effectiveness, it closed with a week of solid accomplishment. It found the State treasury, in Gov. Slaton's words, sick and steadily on the decline. This condition it met by a tax-equalization bill, supplemented by an inheritance tax and other tax provisions. Among laws dealing with social betterment, none is of greater interest than the "Mothers' Rights" bill, which does away with a gross discrimination by placing a mother upon an equality with the father in cases involving the custody of minor children. In the background of all this work stands the Governor, concerning whom the Macon *Telegraph* remarks:

> Those who feared that Gov. Slaton would fail to measure up in the respect of getting things done are now convinced that the present Executive, who, by temperament, is opposed to the spectacular, and is somewhat non-combative, does "do things," and does them with the least possible friction.

There are probably several thousand schools in the United States that boast somewhere the motto on the Horace Mann building in this city—*mens sana in corpore sano;* and there are certainly 20,000,000 school children to whom it should apply. Every newspaper brings home the importance of school hygiene. England is digesting the estimate that 200,000 of her school children are tubercular—that being, after all, but 2 per cent. of the whole; that 80 per cent. have bad teeth, and nearly half as many defective throats or noses; and that an appalling number are in some definite way deformed, or have faulty eyesight or hearing. In America there is a large proportion suffering even from the American disease of neurasthenia. But neglect or ignorance of the machinery that alone can effect an improvement—including not merely good buildings and good educational programmes, but socially efficient teachers, medical inspection, doctors, nurses, and public-spirited school authorities—is more or less deep-rooted. Its persistence, as well as the recent great inroads upon it, is emphasized by the International Congress on School Hygiene, at Buffalo. In English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian, teachers, investigators, physicians, and sanitarians will read papers to the bewildering number of 300.

Given: what exhibit a boy would choose to visit first at a great exposition, and the name of a book that "sounds good" to him. Required: the occupation or profession he should enter. This is the problem that puzzled the Boston Vocation Bureau just two days. The exhibit which appealed to the boy—he was eighteen—was housed in Machinery Hall, St. Louis. The book was familiar to him only by title, "A Trip to the Moon." Out of these confessions the Bureau drew two inferences: a love of machinery and a roving disposition. Its problem then became: what occupation combines these two elements? Aeroplaning is still new and perilous. Automobile and motorcycle racing is hardly to be recommended as a steady pursuit. The Bureau asked the boy how he should like to be a locomotive engineer. He should like it immensely. And so, after a period of probation as fireman, he is now said to be one of the most expert and trustworthy engineers on one of our great railway systems. Clearly, not all of the brains in Boston goes into business; the Vocation Bureau has its share.

Those who object to the lavish pageantry that is coming to mark historical anniversaries in this country, as abroad, may find gratification in last Saturday's simple observance of the 150th anniversary of St. Albans, Vt. A place founded in 1763 between Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains might be expected to mark the occasion with reminders of Sir William Johnson, or Ethan Allen, or the heroic days of Lundy's Lane. It might even have gone back to the founder of its English counterpart, whose martyrdom occurred in 303. But in the grand parade there was not even the counterfeit presentment of a red aborigine. Instead, enthusiasm waxed warm over a line of three medley bands, fifty commercial floats, forty automobiles, "a few cows, lambs, poultry, and a bear." History appeared only on a "float of plants one hundred years old," sandwiched between one of a harness-maker and another of a clothier. Even the City Hall's exhibit of "antiques" consisted largely of articles lately brought from India. The basis and aims of the celebration should be noted by Western towns increasingly jealous of their few scraps of history. According to the St. Albans *Messenger*, it showed that the place was not dead to "the spirit of united effort and enterprise that marks the boom towns of the West," and that material industries "still enlisted red blood among the St. Albanians."

The best that can be said about Francis Burton Harrison's appointment as

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Governor-General of the Philippines is that he is a consistent anti-Imperialist and thoroughly in sympathy with the Democratic policy of independence at an early date. He has never, so far as we are aware, held any executive position in which his administrative capacity might be tested. He faces one of the most remarkable opportunities to serve the United States which have come to any one in recent years. The very magnitude of the problem of evacuation seemed, however, to call for a man of first-class ability, whose name and experience would certify his competency to the country as a whole. This we cannot feel to be the case with Mr. Harrison. He is young, ambitious, possessed of great wealth and of considerable talent, and he will, doubtless, devote himself to the task whole-heartedly. But it remains surprising that Mr. Wilson should have chosen for this place one of the rich young men who have so long lent respectability to Tammany Hall.

To Mr. Harrison the report of Dean C. Worcester on slavery in the Philippines will be a warning of difficulties. Its most serious part, as in the reports of 1910 and 1912, constitutes not so much an indictment of a government as of a social condition. The statement that peonage, which Mr. Worcester clearly distinguishes from slavery, "prevails in every municipality in the islands," is qualified only by the admission of a difficulty of defining the word. As for slavery itself, it is hard to stamp out, because laws dealing with it will interfere with the lesser, more general evil. Those who profit by the operation of the old debtor system are naturally reluctant to end it. The tenor of the report shows that, had Mr. Worcester wished, he might have emphasized improvement in conditions, rather than their still grave aspect. As the islanders have gained in self-government, so the primitive agriculture that fostered the old labor abuses has slowly improved.

No one will, we presume, waste much, if any, sympathy upon Maury I. Diggs, who has just been convicted of the charge of being a "white slaver," in the sensational trial at San Francisco. There will be great rejoicing that the whole country has thus received a valuable object-lesson as to the effectiveness of the Federal white-slave statute. This should have a widely deterrent effect. Yet when all is said and done, it is a curious fact that by crossing the State line Diggs committed a crime, when the same actions within the State of California would not have rendered him liable in any way save on the charge of adultery. This fact and the apparent absence of conclusive proof that the object in taking the girls to Reno was to use them for white-slave "traffic" makes the verdict somewhat surprising. To Mr. Wilson's skill in straightening out the imbroglio in the Attorney-General's office is now added the verdict which decent Californians hoped for. This leaves Congressman Kahn and his kind, who sought to make it appear that the Federal Government was actually concerned in shielding a moral degenerate, looking particularly silly.

Canada, with Thaw, begins a decade of great prosperity. We say a decade, because Canadian legal procedure thus far has shown itself so startlingly like our own that we are safe in supposing it will be ten years before the question of Mr. Thaw's deportation is decided. Already the legal profession and the allied profession of criminal psychiatry are booming. In Canadian private-detective circles an exceptional harvest is confidently predicted. The suggestion that Mr. Thaw become a Canadian landholder in order to frustrate deportation has mobilized an army of real-estate agents who have been idle since the slackening of the boom in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Because of Mr. Thaw's announced intention to enter upon a campaign of publicity, the leading Canadian newspapers have placed orders for additional sextuple presses. One can only touch upon the fertilizing influence of the Thaw money in the minor industries—the moving-picture industry, the jail-delivery industry, the automobile industry, the florist industry, which would never be what it is if assassins and degenerates were not to have their cells brightened with a daily bunch of sweet peas. How Mr. Lloyd George must be wishing himself to be Canadian Chancellor of the Exchequer with power to clap a super-tax on all incomes derived from Thaw!

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's recent speech at St. Hyacinthe has not set the Canadian political pot to boiling furiously. Our cousins across the border are not going to cross bridges before they come to them. The long obstruction of the naval plans was covertly welcome to many. And in the face of the Japanese war-scare, and the example of Australia, the independent Toronto *Sun* still finds in a newspaper poll many communities not enthusiastic for "putting the profit on a $35,000,000 contract into British shipowners' pockets, or building a home navy for which they see no excuse." There is none of the scenting of a fray from afar, as over the reciprocity issue. And that last question, Sir Wilfrid himself pointed out, relates now to the future only. The eyes of the Canadians are fixed on our Senate. As the Liberal leader put it: "At the last Canadian election, many said, 'The Americans need both our markets and our products. The new Democratic tariff will let our products in, whatever our course.' That prediction has not yet come true. If it does, well and good; if not, the Liberals will open the fight again for broader markets and reciprocity." It is evident, even in Canada, that the new tariff will pass, and that its effect there must be tested by time.

Even though Hungarian affairs of honor are quite as consistently harmless as French, Count Tisza's third duel for the year suggests that there is still force in Mark Twain's recommendation that Austria-Hungary should provide herself with a Minister of Etiquette. At the same time, the exploits of the son of Andrassy's old political comrade testify to a certain parliamentary and social advance in the dual monarchy. When the American humorist visited Vienna in 1897, it was the matter-of-course tone in the epithets interchanged by Majority and Opposition members that seemed remarkable. If they had been schoolboys or sailors, their language would have been more in keeping, but the nonchalance with which they accepted insults and slander was absolutely incomprehensible. As gentlemen, they showed a callousness unknown to the pugnacious proletariat—so Mark Twain thought. If there were any danger in such duels of losing a statesmanlike figure—as a certain Western republic once did—public sentiment might end them.

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THE BANKERS' CONFERENCE AND THE BANKING BILL.

The action of the Bankers' Conference at Chicago, in adopting, towards the pending banking legislation, an attitude of friendly coöperation and criticism rather than one of sweeping and hostile opposition, we esteem a happy augury. We so regard it, from a point of view which recognizes the force of many of the objections raised in the report of the conference against certain proposals of the measure as it stands. At the outset, a possibility seemed to exist that the bankers' gathering might adopt the uncompromisingly hostile policy expressed in the comment of one delegate that the bill is "unworkable, impractical, and fundamentally bad, and cannot be remedied by amendment."

Adoption of a resolution along such lines might or might not have been economically warranted; that, as was shown by the discussion in the conference itself, is a matter on which opinions differ widely. But that it would have been a grave political blunder, and that it would have gone far towards depriving the bankers' recommendations of any practical efficacy, no one can doubt who has observed the actual situation at Washington. The assembled bankers recognized this plainly. The remark of Mr. Wade, that "if we cannot agree among ourselves in regard to the kind of currency law that is needed, what can we expect of Congress?" was evidence of the wiser spirit which in the end prevailed.

Neither the Administration nor the Congressional committees could reasonably refuse at least to give consideration to criticisms temperately presented by experienced bankers, and accompanied by valid reasons against any existing provision. To ignore such counsel, merely because it came from bankers, would be as sensible as to ignore the criticisms of trained engineers on a tentative plan for an isthmian canal. The engineers' objections might be well or ill founded, but if their authors were responsible men, they could not be overlooked. The banks and their officers have much individually at stake in the result of the currency legislation; the business community of the United States has a good deal more. But it is also not at all impossible that the political prestige and success of the Wilson Administration and the present majority in Congress might have to stand or fall by the practical success or failure of their experiment in banking reform.

The changes recommended in the pending bill are numerous. Some of them affect the general framework of the plan as it now stands; some affect its technical provisions. Of the first class, the objection that twelve regional banks would be too many is the most important. The conference gives its general judgment in favor of a single central bank; but proposes as an alternative that not more than five shall be created. This second suggestion has behind it the high practical judgment of Mr. Paul Warburg, who has stated his opinion that too great a number of such banks would result, first, in weakening the efficiency of all of them outside the district containing the country's largest money centre; secondly, and as a consequence, in forcing such regional institutions into dependence on New York; thirdly, in creating great pressure on the national board, to favor, in its general policies, one section at the unjustifiable expense of another.

The remedy, Mr. Warburg thinks, is the establishment of banking groups "so large that the divergent influences of the various component parts would in themselves eliminate any provincial color." He places the minimum of such regional banks at six. Without passing judgment on all aspects of the matter, we believe that this criticism demands the broadest and most careful consideration.

The bankers further propose that the national board of seven, instead of consisting, as the present bill provides, of two Cabinet officers, the Controller of the Currency, and four Presidential appointees (one at least an experienced banker), shall be made up of three Presidential appointees, three directors chosen by the member banks, with the Secretary of the Treasury as the seventh. This proposal must be judged in the light of the actual situation; we doubt its political practicability. We have said from the first, in considering the Administration plan, that the real crux of controversy in this national supervisory board (which the system of regional banks makes essential) is the nature and limitation of its powers, rather than its manner of selection.

What the bankers' conference had to say regarding the note issue system touched an important point. Their report recommends that the notes should be made the obligation, not of the Government, but of the regional central banks through which the member banks obtain them. It further advises that such notes should be redeemed in gold; not, as the pending bill provides, in "gold or lawful money," and it proposes that a progressive tax shall be imposed on notes when the gold reserve held against them shall have fallen below a stated minimum.

Each of these proposed amendments is absolutely sound in principle; each deals with a provision in the pending bill which is a very grave defect. The pending measure refers to these note issues—secured by bank collateral, and protected by a reserve in the vaults of the regional central banks—as "obligations of the United States" and "advances" to banks by the Government; describes the tax imposed on them as the "rate of interest" paid by banks to Government, and makes that rate discretionary with the national board.

These clauses we have from the first referred to as vicious—not because they really create a Government paper money, for they do nothing of the kind; but because the use of such language and inference distinctly encourages false economic notions in the people's mind. Mr. Bryan's enthusiasm, in his letter of Friday last to Chairman Glass, over what he describes as the "Government issue of the notes," will only emphasize this fact. Whether political exigencies will or will not necessitate the retaining in the bill of these empty forms with unsound suggestions, it is impossible now to say.

FIXED THINGS IN A MIXED SITUATION.

We scarcely needed Hearst telegraphing his orders to New York virtually to repudiate the Fusion ticket, in order to make the municipal campaign in this city appear extraordinarily confused. If the mere preliminaries bring so much uncertainty and acrimony, what shall we have when the lines are finally drawn and the battle is joined? If they do these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry? Already we have three, and possibly four, candidates for the Mayoralty, not counting the Socialists and the Prohibitionists. And the hand of each of them is against

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every other. It is not steam they are accumulating while they wait, but vitriol. When Mayor Gaynor gets fairly going, a vial of bitterness will be broken over somebody's head every day. What will be the effect of his candidacy, or of Hearst's irruption, or of Tammany's proposal to endorse Whitman, politicians are eagerly debating. But, despite their oracular airs, they evidently have no more wit than an ordinary Christian in forecasting the outcome. We have had three-corner fights for the Mayoralty, but here is one not only of many corners, but of nooks and lurking-places whence men will sally to do we know not what. The situation is terribly mixed.

Its underlying principles, however, are not in a state of flux. The city knows that some things are fixed. These can really be seen all the more clearly on account of the existing confusion in outward appearances. And any man at this time in want of a moral and political guide, cannot do better than to turn away, for the moment, from the things that fluctuate to the things which stand firm; from what is guesswork to what the experience of New York has demonstrated to be securely known.

As a first item of this established knowledge may be written down the fact that no man can serve the two masters, Tammany and the city. If he attempts to do so, he is certain to be charged with betraying one or the other. And Tammany demands undivided allegiance. Any official, no matter how high, who does not give it will be ruthlessly thrown overboard. The remorseless pitching into the water of Mayor Gaynor is the most signal proof of this that Tammany has ever given. He did not openly attack Murphy. He tried to get on with him—even to please him. It is evident that he would have been glad to take a renomination from Murphy. But he would not permit the Boss to set his foot on the neck of the Mayor. He would not throw all the offices to Tammany. And that was enough for Murphy. Nothing of the good work the Mayor has done was allowed to count; his distinct personality and original and picturesque way of expressing himself weighed not so much as a grain of dust. He had put the city before Tammany, and that meant a death sentence. All or nothing, is Tammany's motto; and it was never writ so large as upon the cool and contemptuous abandonment of Mayor Gaynor.

With this example glaring in the eyes of all voters, with what face can the Murphy nominee now step forward to talk about plans for the city's welfare? Mr. McCall is confessedly a man of ability. But has he anything like the independent vigor and initiative of Mayor Gaynor? The latter was taken by Tammany four years ago because Tammany was sick, and, for the nonce, a saint would be. He was outside the organization. But Judge McCall has long been in it. On his own showing, he now takes the nomination for Mayor, against his own inclination, and on Murphy's orders. But will he not also take them after the election? The whole argument for choosing him lay in the expectation that he would. In the Tammany speeches lauding him on Saturday, the one triumphant note was that, in Mr. McCall, Tammany would have "a true and tried Democrat." What was meant by that, everybody knows. It meant an end of the nonsense about non-partisan city government. It meant that Murphy hoped to have a man in the City Hall who would appoint to office as he was bid. Mayor Gaynor would not do that, and we see what happened to him. How can Mr. McCall hope to escape the plain inference that he has been selected to do what Gaynor refused to do—to be servile to Murphy and a distributer of out-of-doors relief to Tammany?

By whatever door the voters of New York go in, they always come out, in the city campaigns, at the same place, and find themselves face to face with an organization of political freebooters seeking to seize New York. And this organization is now commanded by a man whom it is a mystery why anybody obeys. For C. F. Murphy is without ability either to write or speak; Bourke Cockran has explained how he used to do the Boss's political writing for him; somebody else does it now. Murphy is, moreover, that anomaly, that libel on his race, as we might almost call it, a dull Irishman. He is not an originator of force; he is only the chance medium through which political forces work. What they are, and where they reside, can be only dimly guessed. But the universal belief is that somebody controls Murphy, finances his organization, and stealthily uses his mask of Tammany leadership for mercenary ends. And it is this power behind Murphy which makes nominations, and orders judges and Congressmen to accept them, and they do it. That is another of the fixed truths in the mixed situation. A secret political control, some fellow in the cellarage, is reaching out for the capture of New York. And the problem for its citizens is to-day merely what it has been before, how best to beat off the attack.

GOOD ROADS WHILE YOU WAIT.

It is an inspiring spectacle that the khaki-clad Governors of Missouri and Kansas have furnished to the nation. Poor old New York does not know who her Governor is. Massachusetts is uncertain whether her chief is a Republican or a Democrat. Washington and Mexico City are trying to come to an agreement regarding the Chief Executive of that unfortunate country. But no such troubles disturb the happy valley of the lower Missouri. There you have a man who is every inch a Governor. Whenever he sees that anything is needed, he issues a proclamation, puts on the pair of overalls which he brought with him when he came to the Executive Mansion, and the thing is done before nightfall. It all reads like the story of Warren Hastings and his realization of his boyish dream of some day buying back his ancestral Daylesford. Gov. Major, too, had his dreams. As a boy he travelled over nothing but bad roads. "I made up my mind then," he says, "if I ever got a chance, I would do all I could for better highways." The years came and went, with varying fortunes for the growing boy, but always he was attended by the vision splendid. Last November the Republicans were divided into two camps; the Democrats captured the State once more, and the man with the ambition to pull Missouri out of the mud became her chief.

And what a glorious pulling it has been! The figures read like a census bulletin and a treasury report combined. Thousands of men wielding picks and shovels, other thousands steering road-grading machines, still other hurrying from place to place with the moving-picture cameras, thousands of women killing, preparing, and frying tens of thousands of chickens, butchered to

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make a Gubernatorial holiday, hundreds of thousands of days' work done between sunrise Wednesday and sunset Thursday, millions of dollars' worth of improvement made in the same fruitful period—altogether, it is doubtful whether ever before in the world's history human energy accomplished quite so much in so brief a time. Nor was there mere pretence of doing what their energetic Governor had set them to do. By nine o'clock, we learn, a certain mile of road near the town of Independence, called Silver's Lane, had been put in condition, and the squad of eager volunteers assigned to it were clamoring for more roads to conquer.

In all this the traditional attitude of Missouri is reversed. Instead of waiting to be shown, she does the showing. For Gov. Major has a vision of every State pouring out its whole happy population two days in every year to do something for its roads. He sees "the entire republic working upon the highways of the nation during the same two days." Surely no such elevating picture has been drawn for mankind since it was proposed that everybody should shout at a given signal, and hear the hugest noise ever made. We think no objection could be offered to New York's emulation of Missouri. The sight of Govs. Sulzer and Glynn working side by side upon the roads that Tammany has builded wisely, but not too well, would go far to reconcile the citizens of a distressed commonwealth to their fate. But, however it may be with his proposal for a national road-working fiesta, Gov. Major is doubtless correct in his metaphor-defying contention that a good-roads spirit has been kindled which will bring rich fruitage throughout many years.

Jealous critics of the Missouri Executive will hint that this is the only real gain from the tremendous exertion of these two memorable days. To make or remake a road, they will say, and then go away and leave it to the tender mercies of traffic and the elements, is the most uneconomical method of doing it. Some States still allow their citizens to "work out" their road tax, but what kind of roads do they have? On the other hand, there is the want of enthusiasm with which Gov. Major's project was greeted in St. Louis County, owing to the fact that "the county is well supplied with rock roads, maintained by a heavy tax." "A heavy tax"—there's the rub. What is the good of having self-government if you have taxes along with it? It is so much better to suffer losses that are not so evident, such losses as the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association found in a farming area of 750 square miles tributary to that city. Bad roads were estimated to have cost these farmers more than $600,000 in a single year, this sum being the aggregate of losses caused by slow travel, extra trips, inability to reach the best markets, and so on. Scientific road-making takes account of continual repairing. But away with such unwelcome considerations. This is the age of direct government. One day in the year we all turn out to celebrate our independence. One day we vote. One day our more advanced communities spend in pulling up the weeds that have been permitted to grow, and clearing off the rubbish that has been permitted to gather, during the preceding twelvemonth. And shall we not take two days to make passable the roads that our neglect has ruined in the other 363?

CHANGES IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

Is the legal profession passing? Mr. George W. Bristol, of the local Bar, is sure of it in an article which he has just reprinted from the *Yale Law Journal*. Needless to say, the state of affairs he interprets is not due to a new birth of humanity and the coming of an era of good will and charity among men. The litigious spirit has not been exorcised. What worries him is that the business of lawyers is slipping out of their grasp into the hands of corporations. That the practice of the law has become commercialized is no new plaint; but the drift, according to Mr. Bristol, has gone far beyond commercializing individual lawyers. "The great bulk of litigation," he declares, "while it may be actually done by a lawyer or a man who has been admitted to the Bar and is entitled to call himself a lawyer, is conducted by corporations which have neither soul nor conscience, and owe allegiance to no code of ethics or morals, and which have no other cause for existence than the accumulation of wealth for directors and stockholders."

Mr. Bristol is abounding in specifications. The real-estate lawyer, he finds, is a thing of the past. A man who buys a house goes to a title company, which does the work and insures the title, and, either itself or through a mortgage company, places a mortgage on the property. Mr. Bristol believes that approximately ten millions of dollars are paid annually to insurance and mortgage companies, of which but a small part goes to the clerks known as lawyers, who do the legal work for the corporations. No code of ethics governs their soliciting business, and one title company in New York has gone so far as to advertise that it will draw wills without cost if it is made executor of the estates. A lawyer who offered money in order to obtain business could be disbarred in this State, and would be guilty of a misdemeanor; no such penalty deters a company from seeking business in any way it can. This license may sometimes be useful when it comes, for instance, to obtaining business in connection with condemnation proceedings. One of these companies was reported in 1910 as having as an asset the sum of $736,316.97, "representing the estimated value of condemnation-proceeding contracts." Another item in this report reads: "Condemnation proceedings, drawing papers, examining titles, recording fees, and surveys . . . $183,902.45." And yet there is a statute in New York forbidding corporations to practice law.

The defence of negligence cases is still another branch of the lawyer's practice captured by corporations under the guise of liability insurance in a company which is pledged to defend litigation and to pay an adverse judgment up to a given amount. As the company cannot be an attorney of record, it usually appears in court through some member of the bar employed by it at an annual salary. This liability insurance contract, Mr. Bristol insists, "is a contract primarily to practice law, to defend litigation, and the insurance feature of it is simply an incident to the litigation." Mr. Bristol cites an adjuster of one of these companies as saying, when rebuked for unethical and unprofessional conduct in going to a client directly, against the wishes of the client's attorney: "To —— with ethics. We are not lawyers; we are a corporation practicing law for the money there is in it, and we are going to settle the cheapest way." Again, there is the

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organization of corporations; this, too, has now been taken over by companies with branch offices in those States which are blessed with easy incorporation laws. These corporations not only aid in organizing companies, but for a fee of $25 furnish a "resident director and the year's rent of an office of a size, grandeur, and furniture display to comply with the law." Needless to say, Mr. Bristol is very clear in his mind that litigation by these companies is absolutely illegal, and he cites opinions to prove it. It is obviously a matter which calls for the most serious thought, and one likely to be touched upon at the annual meeting of the American Bar Association next week.

It is, however, only fair to ask whether there are not some redeeming features about the tendencies and practices against which Mr. Bristol exclaims. Thus, it would be interesting to know if the layman has not actually profited by the rise of the company which deals with title insurance. The corporation with its large assets, which is able to insure the title and meet the damages if it makes an error, is better for the client than a lawyer who is responsible only for negligence in searching titles. Moreover, only a few lawyers would be able to respond in damages if negligence were proved against them. The layman may question, too, whether the percentage of error is not greatly reduced when the work is done by a corporation whose employees do nothing else, and are therefore unusually qualified. The use of trust companies, whether with or without an insurance attachment, as executors and trustees, is probably a great advantage over the old practice of having a private individual as trustee or executor, provided that those companies are held by the courts to a rigid accountability for the proper management of the funds placed in their hands. This the courts in this State are doing.

And is the profession not actually bettered by having negligence cases taken out of the hands of the individual? We remember to have read of "ambulance chasers" long before the rise of the liability corporation, and they are yet to be found. The injured person is still the easy victim of shyster lawyers; on the other side, defence by corporations has ended many an abuse from which the employer formerly suffered. There are still plenty of wrongs and frauds in negligence litigation, but a strong case could be made out to prove that these are fewer than before the corporation arose. Finally, it should seem as if the taking of commercial business from the lawyer might check to some extent his own commercialization, and leave him free to enter the many other fields of litigation into which no corporation has yet entered. That we are witnessing a readjustment of the legal profession in many ways, and that its standards have suffered during the process of readjustment, is perfectly evident. But few lawyers, we think, could be found to agree with Mr. Bristol that the profession is disappearing; indeed, the need of the old-fashioned solicitor who was guide, philosopher, and friend is as great today as it ever was, even though that type of lawyer is now so scarce.

A DIAGNOSIS OF WAR.

The investigation which has been proposed by the International Peace Endowment into the cause and circumstances of the war between the Balkan Allies is an excellent bit of enterprise. Events in the Balkans during the ten months that have elapsed since Montenegro gave the signal for battle have impressed themselves powerfully on the world's imagination. All war is dramatic, but we must go far back in history before we find an instance involving such broad issues, such complexity of motives, such fierce passions, such extraordinary vicissitudes of situation, such a succession of dramatic climaxes. International peace is a subject that leaves a great many people cold, but in the present instance the investigators need not fear that their report will remain unread. What the ordinary man will desire to know above all other things is just how a war which had its causes deep in history and which was regarded generally as the manifestation of the higher forces of civilization, should have ended in a shocking relapse towards barbarism. The war against Turkey was described, with pardonable rhetoric, as a conflict between the Cross and the Crescent. But the crusade degenerated into a saturnalia of evil passions. What have the teachings of Cross or Crescent to do with the Walpurgis night of hatreds, treachery, and bestial slaughter that settled down upon the unhappy Balkans? We repeat, the peace investigators will find their public ready. If ever there was an opportunity to win the world's serious attention to the nature and implications of war, one is now presented.

Of the topics for inquiry announced by President Butler—the responsibility for the outbreak of war between the allies, the truth about the outrages committed upon non-combatants, and the economic waste caused by the war—the one to which public attention is most sharply directed is not, in our minds, the most important. The Bulgarian people may feel it necessary, for the sake of the national honor and the national future, to disprove what they describe as the calumnies of the Greek and Servian press. We know in advance where the responsibility for massacre rests; not with Bulgaria, or Servia, or Greece, or Turkey. It is War that is responsible. But recognizing this, we believe that there is comparatively little to gain by laying stress on the atrocities of battlefield or massacre, just as there is little to gain by insisting on the enormous destruction of wealth through war. The horrors of war have always been a favorite subject with the novelists. The ruinous economic effects of war are continually emphasized. But to both arguments the reply is always forthcoming that men will not hesitate to give their wealth or their lives for a cause they believe in. No; the point of attack lies in the direction of ascertaining who or what is responsible for war. Is it fought for a worthy cause, or is it fought because certain leaders or certain interests desire war? It makes all the difference in the world whether the mangled bodies on the hillsides in Thrace and Macedonia are the price paid for the liberation of the Balkans from Turkish misrule, or whether those dead bodies and shattered limbs are incidents in the ambitions of a king or a commander-in-chief, and a testimonial to the skill of travelling salesmen from the gun factories at Essen and Creusot.

That is the essential difference between the Bulgarian dead who lay at Lule Burgas and Tchatalja, and the Bulgarians who fell by the tens of thousands in the ten days' fighting against the Servians at Bregelnitza in Macedonia. At Lule Burgas a nation was realizing its destinies. But even the apolo-

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gists of Bulgaria admit that it was Gen. Savoff's unwise and unauthorized action that precipitated open war in Macedonia. The will of the Bulgarian nation was for war with Turkey, but the nation was not consulted before it was plunged into the disastrous conflict with Servia. Upon this point the advocate of peace can lay stress; not the heavy cost of war in lives and money, but the fact that this fearful price is frequently paid without the clear consent of those who pay it, without their even knowing why it is paid. The conduct of war is an enterprise in which the fate of nations and the lives of unnumbered thousands are placed in the hands of a few men. An error of judgment on the part of a leader in the field is paid for in terms of brigades and divisions annihilated; that is inevitable. But precisely because war must be carried on under such tremendous risks and at such fearful cost, it becomes an enterprise upon which a nation may enter only after it has weighed risks and cost against the object to be attained.

From their Balkan investigations the delegates of the International Peace Endowment may easily derive material for a text-book against war. But the chapters dealing with war's horrors will be secondary in interest and effect to the chapters dealing with the machinery for making wars, with the influence of court cabals and Ministerial cliques and Stock Exchange groups, with the nefarious intrigues of the gun and armor-makers. The jingo and the financial incendiary can be frustrated by showing, not that war is terrible, but that war is often wanton. What passes for national interest or the national honor is too often the will of individuals and groups to whom the lives and fortunes of the masses are but pawns in a highly profitable or highly exciting game.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Since the love of adventure exists so universally in the heart of man, it is not strange that the "Travels" of Capt. Jonathan Carver sprang into immediate popularity upon its first appearance in 1778. His account of campaigns in the French and Indian War and of his travels among the Indians of the lake and upper Mississippi region was not only widely read by the next generation, but became the popular manual of information on its subject. It was issued again and again in English and was translated into most of the languages of Europe. Its popularity was justified by its excellence, which has been praised by a well-known historian of American literature in the following words:

> Besides its worth for instruction, is its worth for delight; we have no other "Indian book" more captivating than this. Here is the charm of a sincere, powerful, and generous personality—the charm of significant facts, of noble ideas, of humane sentiments, all uttered in English well-ordered and pure.

From the book of this New England traveller, Schiller drew the language and thought for his "Nadowessiers Totenlied," and many of the passages on the Indians in Chateaubriand's "Voyage en Amérique" were derived from the same source. After Carver's travels had ceased to be the fountain for popular information, it became the historical source book for historians of the older school, who were ready to accept their printed material without questioning carefully the reliability of the author.

Occasionally Western travellers and writers of a later date ventured to criticise the accounts of Carver, and even to charge that he could not have been in the countries he claimed to have visited; or, if he had, that his ignorance was such as to have made the composition of the volume impossible. These sporadic attacks gained no general recognition, however, until a well-equipped and acute historian of the modern school turned on the work all the light of historical criticism.

One of the most fascinating studies for the critical historian is the attempt to prove his suspicion that the purported author of a document or book could not possibly have written it; and many most valuable and interesting services to the science of history have been performed by students who have been successful in establishing their opinion by means of the canons of internal and external criticism. The late Prof. Edward G. Bourne, of Yale University, published, in 1906, in the January number of the *American Historical Review* a study of this character on "The Travels of Jonathan Carver." The well-deserved reputation for accuracy of the critic added such weight to his reasoning that his final judgment was almost universally accepted. From the time of the appearance of Professor Bourne's essay there was a general agreement among the historical fraternity that Carver was an impostor with no right to the title of captain, that he was too ignorant to have written the book that bears his name, and that, although the first part, containing an account of his travels, was derived from his information, the second and more important part, which describes the Indians, was a mere compilation from French sources by some hack writer. Professor Bourne summed up his final judgment in these words:

> It is clear from the evidence here presented that the "Travels" of Jonathan Carver can no longer be ranked as an authentic record of the observations of the supposed author. . . . In any case, Carver's "Travels" must now take its place beside Benzoni's "History of the New World" and "The Book of Sir John Mandeville."

This judgment, so sweeping and caustic, appeared to be amply justified by the evidence produced; and the clever essay has frequently been cited as an excellent example of critical analysis; but it is no less an excellent example of the fallacy committed by historians, when they ignore that first and most important law of historical criticism, namely, "Thou shalt gather every scrap of information, lest thou thyself fall into the hands of the hostile critic." Scholars in the State of Wisconsin, where the name of Jonathan Carver had long been held in reverence as that of the first English explorer of the State, were not satisfied with this final judgment; and, after several years of quiet investigation, Mr. John T. Lee has just published in the Proceedings of the Wisconsin Historical Society an essay entitled "Captain Jonathan Carver; Additional Data," which is a real justification of the doughty captain.

First of all, Mr. Lee takes up the questions: Was Carver a captain of the provincial troops during the French and Indian War? Was he at the siege and capitulation of Fort William Henry in 1757, which event he describes so graphically? A little search among the archives of Massachusetts and elsewhere has given abundant evidence of Carver's service and rank. In fact, one is overwhelmed with the evidence and wonders how any charge that the captain was an impostor was ever seriously entertained. It is only necessary to cite here a passage from the certificate of Gen. Gage, written in 1768: "These are to certify, that Mr. Jonathan Carver served as Captain in the Provincials during the late war, with Reputation, and has ever bore the Character of a very Good Man."

The charge of ignorance and lack of education is also easily disproved. The fact that Carver was an officer cannot, of course, be taken as proof of his education, as there were officers among the provincials with little or no schooling. In the case of Carver, however, there is abundant evidence of his education. Before the appearance of his volume, he had acquired an enviable reputation as a map maker, as is shown by the following facts: the best contemporary map of the Province of Quebec bears his name; the De Costa map of Boston (1775) was largely his work; Carver was called upon to "improve" the "Map of the British Empire in North America" published in the "American Atlas." In this connection the statement of the present keeper of manuscripts in the British Museum should be quoted. After examining the Carver documents under his custody, he writes: Carver "must have been a man of very considerable education; his style and writing are as good (say) as Captain Cook's."

Mr. Lee has printed with his essay the petitions by Carver to the British Government for reimbursement of his expenses, and one report of the Board of Trade. These contain earlier information concerning his claims to have made important discoveries in the West than that in his book. In the report of the Board of Trade of July 10, 1769, it is asserted that Carver "undertook and performed a journey of great extent thro' the interior and unfrequented parts of the Continent of North America, travelling to the westward of Michillimackinac as far as the Heads of the Great River Mississippi, directing his Course from thence westward almost to the South Sea, and in his turn exploring the whole Circuit of the Great Lake Superior." Of course, this is an exaggeration of Carver's westward journeyings, but it is interesting to

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note, on account of the repeated denials by students and explorers, that the Board received from Carver's maps, journal, and conversation a distinct impression of a journey westward of the Mississippi.

Carver was chosen for this exploratory expedition by Major Robert Rogers, commandant of Mackinac at the time. The major had been appointed to his post by political influence in spite of the opposition of Gen. Gage and Sir William Johnson, and immediately inaugurated far-reaching plans, the purpose of which cannot be very certainly ascertained. For his acts he was charged with treason and upon trial at Montreal was acquitted.

Although Rogers's plans are very obscure, his purpose in sending out Carver is more understandable. Before leaving England, he had asserted his intentions of exploring the West, and it seems evident that he hoped not only to find a route to the Pacific Ocean, but also to extend the fur trade. A third purpose may have been the search for mines, and this may have been the reason for Carver's exploration of Lake Superior. It is reported that Charles Townshend sent an agent for this purpose to Lake Superior at about the same time that Carver was there, and possibly Carver and the agent were the same. At any rate, shortly after the return of Rogers and Carver to London, there was formed a Lake Superior Mining Company, composed of influential men, who obtained the King's consent to carry on their operations in that region. Although the connection between Carver and the company is not established, yet the circumstantial evidence is such as to make it extremely probable.

From Mr. Lee's study of Carver and from my own investigation of the same subject, it seems to me certain that Professor Bourne's contentions are unproven, except as regards plagiarism in that part of the volume devoted to the description of the Indians, a fact known long before Professor Bourne wrote. Instead of rejecting the volume as of no more worth than that of Sir John Mandeville, the history of his campaigns and travels may be used by historians in the same way as they would use a similar work by any intelligent and relatively cultivated man, for such Carver evidently was.

C. W. ALVORD.

Correspondence

TRAVELLING IN GREECE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 24, Mr. Joseph Pennell disputes the correctness of some remarks of Professor D'Ooge's about the management of antiquities in Greece, accuses the American School at Athens of having allowed the storage museum at Corinth to be put in an unsuitable place, and, in general, gives such a mistaken idea of what a traveller in Greece may expect as his portion, that a word of protest seems in order.

I assume that Mr. Pennell must be comparatively unfamiliar with conditions in Greece. He certainly writes as one who has little conception of the problems which have confronted the Greeks during the last fifty years of their development. The difficulties he had with money matters are very likely due to the war, for a little more than a year ago gold could be had by the traveller at fair rates. I am, however, informed by one who has just come from Greece that he found no difficulty, even now, in procuring such gold as he needed, at reasonable figures. As to Greek money being refused anywhere in Greece, that will be news to many an experienced traveller in the country. Of course any country, when engaged in a war which strains its resources to the utmost, will levy stamp taxes and other taxes to the extent of its ability. Under such circumstances, it is common-sense to pay the tax cheerfully or stay at home.

As to Mr. Pennell's experience in being overcharged, an experience which he says is typical, one can only say that such incidents are not confined to Greece. The foreigner generally pays more than the native everywhere, and our own country and Great Britain are no exceptions to the rule. Perhaps in Italy one has the fact illustrated as completely and openly as anywhere else. For that excursion to Epidaurus, which so tried Mr. Pennell, I paid for my carriage last year about twenty-five francs, nothing to the man who got it for me (one need not be too guileless), a reasonable fee to the driver and to the very courteous guardian at the Theatre. If this year, with the existing shortage of men and horses, forty francs was paid for a carriage, the high charge was scarcely extortionate; and the drive is nearly forty miles, there and back. Perhaps I may offset Mr. Pennell's experience with one of my own. A year ago I spent a night with a party of friends in a small mountain village near Sparta. We were lodged in a peasant's house who, by the way, had two married daughters living in Sioux City. I had made up my mind about what I ought to pay, and misunderstanding the man's figures when I was settling the account, I took from my purse the sum I had determined upon. I soon found my mistake, and discovered that he was asking me less than I was about to pay, and he saw my money, too. The bill was then paid in accordance with his figures. Greece is, of course, still to some extent in the stage of commercial development when few prices are really fixed. Bargaining is the rule, and if a person occasionally pays a pretty good price, he may still not be cheated in a true sense.

Another grievance of Mr. Pennell's is the "artless vulgarity" displayed in fixing the position of the storage museum at Old Corinth. And forsooth the American School is as responsible as any one else! Here again Mr. Pennell speaks without knowledge. The American School is in no way responsible. Such buildings are put where the Greek authorities think best, and their decision is affected by all sorts of considerations, among which the village conditions of land-holding may enter in. In Year Book No. 7 of the Carnegie Institution an excellent panoramic view of the excavations may be found. The museum is the low building at the right. It is certainly not a beautiful structure, but to contend that it utterly hides the "historic view" of the temple is, to say the least, a gross exaggeration.

Mr. Pennell's prophecy that some day, when it pays, the Greeks will charge an entrance fee to the museums and monuments may perhaps be correct, and few would blame them if they did. They tried it in Athens a couple of years ago, and soon gave it up, because, I believe, the fee checked their own people in visiting such places, and it was felt that there was an educational loss. I have often wondered that the Greeks did not make travellers buy a general ticket to all antiquities, as is done in Egypt; but they have a rather fine, if perhaps almost Quixotic, pride in making such things free to all, and it is not always easy to make separate regulations for natives and foreigners. Moreover, the people have not yet lost the charming and traditional φιλοξενία, which to the foreigner who stays any time in Greece is a source of constant delight. Contrast the attitude of the Italians, who are not willing that foreigners should conduct excavations on Italian soil. As a whole, in spite of occasional faults, such as may enter into any human undertaking, the record of the management of Greek antiquarian work has been large-minded and efficient.

J. R. WHEELER,
Chairman of the Managing Committee of the School at Athens.

Burlington, Vermont, August 15.

MR. BOK ON COLLEGE ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Edward Bok contributes to the *Outlook* of August 16 an article ("Is the College Making Good?") which deserves the consideration of teachers in college. Some points about his indictment of the ignorance of students, however, are manifestly unfair.

In the first place, one may fairly accuse Mr. Bok of a breach of courtesy in thus publishing, in so unfriendly a way, the grammatical errors of those who in good faith sought to answer his *questionnaire*.

In the second place, there is no breach of courtesy in the fact that some students failed to answer Mr. Bok's *questionnaire*. I suppose that Mr. Bok's acquaintance with the seniors in the colleges selected for examination came only from an inspection of catalogues. This does not accredit him, nor place his inquiry in the category of "business letters." His idea that the mere enclosure of a stamp demands an answer is absurd. The enclosure of a hundred stamps would not require an answer, unless some other interest than mere curiosity or gain prompted the writer's request.

In the third place, one may doubt, and I as an instructor, in one of the institutions criticised by Mr. Bok, take the liberty of so doubting, whether Mr. Bok is at all a fit person to discuss good grammar or style. Let me cite some phrases of his own article:

"If, added to these testimonies, we should secure the opinions . . . we would get a fair line on the college and its work."

Now, quite apart from the journalese of "get a fair line on," it is obvious that Mr. Bok cannot distinguish between "would" and "should." Again:

"Of course one salient fact that must be borne in mind is" . . .

Bearing in mind a *salient* fact must be as hard as carrying a kicking pig! Again:

"A recognition of even the most minor practical rules" . . .

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How much more minor, Mr. Bok, is one practical rule than another? Again:

"A stamped, addressed envelope was enclosed in each letter so as to simplify its answer."

What Mr. Bok means is "to ensure a reply." The answer is not simplified by an envelope. Purists would object, too, to the ambiguity of "its." Again:

"The *basic* defect that *underlies* all these *various* kinds of slips." . . .

Here is the pleonasm that is the bane of all such glibness as Mr. Bok's. Again:

"Each prospective graduate" . . .

There is no such thing as a "prospective" graduate.

Fourthly, Mr. Bok's indictment of college men's vagueness is exploded by one little sentence of his own:

"There is a wearying recurrence of . . . the self-evident *'increases your knowledge.'*"

I had thought that the increase of knowledge was the *one* use of college; that, in fact, there was no other. It appears, then, that the students who took the pains—with what thanks we have seen—to answer Mr. Bok wearied him by giving him—the correct answer.

Finally, the defects which appear in the letters used by Mr. Bok for exploitation of ignorance do not prove the poor training in college, unless the inquiry of Mr. Bok plainly stated that the answers would be regarded as tests in spelling and grammar. They prove, on the contrary, that parents have not taught their children to *desire* good use. A boy who does not habitually spell correctly is a disgrace, not to his college, but to his mother and his father. From five years of experience I know that nine out of ten "bad spellers" *can* spell right when they must, but lapse into error from the mere habit of years of parental neglect. Let the blame be set upon the right shoulders. The college has the boy for training in composition only an hour a week for thirty weeks. *What was the mother doing when the boy was from eight to twelve years old,* the period at which spelling should be taught?

H. N. MacCracken.

Yale University, August 20.

QUERY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reading "The French Revolution: A Political History, 1789-1804," by A. Aulard, translated by Bernard Miall (Scribners, 1910), I am at a loss to understand the following paragraph:

> The most important fact of all in the history of republican ideas is that twenty years before the French Revolution all enlightened Frenchmen had read, either in the original (for a knowledge of the English language was then very general in France) or in one of the numerous French translations, the text of the Constitution of the United States. (Volume I, p. 113.)

The Constitution of the United States was not, of course, in existence before 1787, so that, in view of M. Aulard's words "twenty years before the French Revolution," it is impossible that he should be referring to this document.

To what does he refer?

Lucius H. Holt.

West Point, August 22.

Literature

THE WAR OF 1870.

The Franco-Prussian War and its Hidden Causes. By Emile Ollivier. Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes by George Burnham Ives. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

For some years after Louis Napoleon established the Second Empire there was no opposition in the Legislative Body; but in 1857 five men of liberal views were returned. Of these five—*les Cinq*, as they were known—one was an able and eloquent lawyer, M. Emile Ollivier, who became, after 1866, the leader of those moderates who counselled the Emperor to grant a Parliamentary régime as the most effective bulwark against the rising tide of Socialistic and Radical Republican agitation. The new régime was proclaimed in 1869, and in December of that year M. Ollivier was entrusted with the formation of a "homogeneous Cabinet," which, not in fact very homogeneous after all, took office on January 2, 1870. The policy of the new Ministry was to strengthen the empire by making reasonable concessions at home and resolutely pursuing peace abroad. Nevertheless, on July 19 war was declared against Prussia, and in less than two months the Liberal Ministry had fallen, Napoleon was a prisoner, and the empire at an end.

Those extremists, Imperialists of the Right and Republicans of the Left, who had done what they could to drive France into war, wished not to bear the responsibility for so overwhelming a disaster. They therefore laid the blame on the Ministry, and particularly on the chief Minister, M. Ollivier. Meantime, M. Ollivier, living in retirement since his fall, August 8, 1870, has given much careful study to the history of the Second Empire, and particularly to the closing years, which marked at once the culmination of his political career and the tragedy of his life. The results of his study began to appear about twenty years ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in a series of articles which, with some revision, have been printed in book form under the title of "L'Empire libéral." The first volume came out in 1894, and the sixteenth is probably now in press, if not already published. The work is, in the best sense, an *apologia pro vita sua*—an apology in the original sense of a valiant justification, and a justification, moreover, in the present case, based upon very full knowledge and inspired by a resolute desire to extenuate nothing and to set down naught in malice.

The gist of M. Ollivier's defence is contained in the book now done into English by Mr. Ives. The text is made up of extracts, chosen by M. Ollivier himself, from the larger work, "L'Empire libéral," to which the translator has added, in the form of notes, many quotations from Gorce, Sorel, De Gramont, and other secondary authorities, and an occasional extract from "L'Empire libéral," which M. Ollivier did not think necessary to include. As the title indicates, the book deals with the events, particularly with the diplomatic negotiations, that led up to the Franco-Prussian War. It is a fascinating story, highly dramatic in itself, and well told; that it is told by one of the chief actors, whose bias is obvious, and whose interest in the theme remains fresh and vital after forty years, makes the present narrative none the less important and all the more interesting.

Wishing to drive France into war, Bismarck induced the Spanish Government to offer the crown of Spain to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, who signified his willingness to accept the crown in case the offer should be confirmed by a majority of the Cortes. France could not submit to any such arrangement, and M. Ollivier exhausted the resources of diplomacy in the effort to avoid war by procuring either a withdrawal of the offer or an abandonment of the candidacy. Representations at Madrid and at London were fruitless, while the Prussian Government professed to regard the question as a private affair of the Hohenzollern family with which it had nothing to do. King William himself, when approached in his private character by Benedetti at Ems, replied that he could not interfere: he had sanctioned Leopold's conduct when he accepted the offer; he would likewise sanction his conduct if he should determine to withdraw. Meantime, Prince Anthony, father of Leopold, influenced by the representations of the Rumanian agent, Strat, on July 11 commanded Leopold to withdraw, which the latter did under protest. The withdrawal so obtained was confirmed by the King.

The affair seemed now at an end. France had achieved a great diplomatic victory—"the finest," said Guizot, "which has been won in my lifetime." Bismarck was in despair and thought of resigning. M. Ollivier was overjoyed. At three o'clock on July 12 the Ministers agreed with Napoleon that nothing should be decided until the next day. Yet at seven o'clock in the evening Gramont sent off the famous dispatch embodying the demand for "future guaranties"—a dispatch instructing Benedetti to request the King not only to confirm the withdrawal of Leopold, but to give "assurance that he will not again sanction that candidacy." Benedetti presented this request, which the King refused. Even so, the matter might have ended, for on the following day

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the Cabinet decided not to press the demand for guaranties.

But the unfortunate Benedetti had not seen fit to remain content with the reply which the King sent him: he insisted once, and a second time, upon a personal interview, if only "to hear his Majesty repeat what he had said to him." This passed the bounds of royal patience, and King William sent to Bismarck the famous telegram in which he left it to the Chancellor to determine "whether Count Benedetti's latest demand, and the refusal with which it was met, should be communicated at once to our Ministers, to foreign nations, and to the press." Bismarck, who had already resigned himself to failure, seized the opportunity which fate thus provided, and published the telegram in a modified form—a form which made it appear that the Prussian King had insulted the French Ambassador by refusing to receive him. The edited telegram, published throughout the world on the morning of July 14, had precisely the effect intended: July 19 the French Government declared war against Prussia.

M. Ollivier's main thesis is that the Ministry did all that was humanly possible to avoid war. That M. Ollivier sincerely desired peace, no one doubts; that his Ministry achieved a great diplomatic victory by procuring the withdrawal of the candidacy, is conceded. But why, then, many historians ask, did the Government imperil this splendid victory by making the foolish demand for future guaranties? And why did M. Ollivier, forgetting the main issue and falling at last into Bismarck's trap, declare war because the King had refused to receive Benedetti? Having secured the essential interests of France, the Ministry should not, it is said, have plunged the country into war merely to avenge a diplomatic indiscretion.

With respect to the demand for guaranties, the defence of M. Ollivier is adequate. The famous dispatch was sent off by Gramont, on the Emperor's sole authority and without the knowledge of M. Ollivier or the other Ministers, at seven o'clock, after what Gramont calls a "conscientious discussion" at St. Cloud. "Who took part in that discussion?" M. Ollivier asks. "I know only those who were not invited—they were: the Minister of War, . . . the Keeper of the Seals, . . . the Minister of the Interior, . . . the Minister of Finance; in a word, no member of the Cabinet save the Minister of Foreign Affairs." As Gorce believed, it was the Empress who dominated the conference and won over the vacillating Emperor; and M. Ollivier did not learn until "after eleven o'clock at night, and by mere chance, that a momentous decision had been reached and put into execution." Moreover, on the following day the Cabinet did what it could to rectify the blunder.

But if M. Ollivier did nothing to bring on the war, he accepted it when it came; and he accepted it, it is said, "with a light heart." This phrase, which occurs in the speech before the Chamber in favor of the declaration of war, has been quoted a thousand times, and is quoted even to this day in reputable histories as evidence that the Minister was neither very strongly attached to peace nor aware of the heavy responsibility of war. Taken in its context, this scriptural paraphrase, as Gorce long ago pointed out, bears no such meaning. For M. Ollivier immediately added: "I mean, with *a heart that is not made heavy by remorse*, because the war that we shall wage we are forced into, because we have done all that was humanly and honorably possible to avoid it."

Nevertheless, with light heart or heavy, M. Ollivier did accept the war. Should he not have endeavored, even after the publication of the Ems telegram, to maintain peace? No, M. Ollivier says; the act of Bismarck was a studied insult not to be passed over with honor by any nation; to have accepted it would have meant a loss of prestige from which France could never have recovered. The point is debatable, but one is inclined to think that if M. Ollivier could have kept the patriotic Paris sentiment in check, France might have recovered from the victory of peace as splendidly as she did from the humiliation of war. However, it is admitted that M. Ollivier could not have combated the war sentiment successfully. His only alternative to declaring war was to resign; and had he resigned the result would have been the same in every respect: the war would have occurred; France would have been defeated; and M. Ollivier himself, instead of being denounced for assuming responsibility, would have been denounced for not assuming it.

Responsibility for the war, from which the Ministry is thus cleared, is put upon Bismarck: no Bismarck, no war. From the point of view of human *motive*, Bismarck is clearly the responsible agent. He alone, among the persons holding positions of authority, desired the war; he alone deliberately set himself, by fair means or foul, to bring it about. But regarding the war as the result of a connected series of events, the thing that strikes one, the very thing that was so maddening to Bismarck himself, is that the Chancellor had to sit quietly by, waiting for others to act, and wondering what they would do. And, after all, on M. Ollivier's own showing, there would have been no telegram to edit if Benedetti had not been indiscreet. In this sense the acts of Bismarck are no more important, as causes of the war, than those of the Emperor, or of Benedetti, and the question of responsibility disappears.

Most readers will readily agree that Bismarck was responsible. Whether he was justified, as a German statesman, in deliberately embroiling the two countries for the sake of advancing the interests of the Fatherland, is a quite different question. In his final judgment of Bismarck from this point of view, M. Ollivier is more generous than one might expect him to be. The French Ambassador, Talleyrand, was on one occasion seeking a polite phrase in which to express his disapproval of Bismarck's conduct. "Don't put yourself out," said the Chancellor. "Nobody but my King thinks that I acted honorably." M. Ollivier's comments are just. "Æsthetically, I like him thus. As soon as he reveals his true self, and boasts of his audacious knaveries which raised his Germany, until now divided and impotent, to the first rank among nations, then he is as great as Satan—a mighty statesman, of sinister but impressive grandeur. He will not thereby have opened for himself the gates of any paradise; he will have won forever one of the most exalted places in the German Pantheon of terrestrial apotheoses."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Jumping-Off Place. By Ethel Shackelford. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The notion of the Eastern girl, reduced to a mess of nerves by a life of fashion, and destined to be healed by contact with the wild West, is not new. The usual method is to plunge her into the hard life of frontier or ranch, to make her use her wits and her hands. Nothing so crude is here meditated. The Camp to which the lady is sent by her physician is a camp only in name, a community in which golf and bridge and motoring have at least as large a part as hard work. Picturesque relics of a sterner age survive, but the hardships involved in residence are only such as inhere in remoteness from Fifth Avenue. Our Eleanor drops, with a maid, into a luxurious bungalow. A telephone puts the neighborhood at her service; and there ensues a mild, not to say silly, comedy of coquetry, engaging, in some degree, all the eligible males of the Camp. She qualifies as frontier heroine by learning to shoot, and performing the two favorite feats of the frontier markswoman: defending herself from a too ardent admirer, and saving the life of the man she loves. When we say that the man is really her husband from whom, though they adore each other, a honeymoon misunderstanding has separated her, we give the reader a sufficient inkling as to the course of events. The dialogue involv-

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ed is of the "bright" or piquant type which the undergraduate disposes of as "fresh."

Pity the Poor Blind. By H. H. Bashford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Ffolliots of Redmarley. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It must be said for Mr. Bashford that he betrays his unimportance rather later than most. His is a masterly manner and a fundamental lack of taste. He begins what promises to be a good bit of light comedy by dispatching from a London centre of high-church influence to a Dorsetshire parish, a pompous young cleric with an inflated sense of his own sanctity. To Sabbath congregations he is known as a fine pulpit presence and an ornament to the church, but to Mr. Bashford and the reader as a selfishly ambitious son who keeps an unpresentable but doting mother well in the background. The first landing of this hypersensitive stranger in a plain-spoken neighborhood throws him—by mistake—into the household of a loose-living country squire, where a bird of his feather is welcomed as one of nature's curiosities, and his sonorous Latin grace before meat is taken as an oracular tip on the day's racing. But here Mr. Bashford drops the rôle of genial entertainer and takes to sermonizing. Not to bate Malvolio in a cassock, but to reform him, is his high purpose. The chief instrument employed in this project is the squire's daughter, a maiden richly endowed with all the bovine graces—good nature, physical strength, and a leisurely mind. In her presence our cleric instantly recognizes his own nothingness. Though somewhat deficient on the spiritual side, she is to him a convincing revelation of the beauty of naturalness, while he, in spite of his lack of honest sincerity, wears in her serene uncritical eyes all the beauty of holiness. With mutual assistance they both at last "find God."

The aspiring son of the middle class who, in presence of the gentry, succumbs to a benumbing sense of his own inferiority, is getting to be one of the standardized subjects of British mirth. Whereas Mr. Bashford shrouded his situation in dim religious light, and cured his hero's bad manners by dragging him through the depths of religious experience, Mrs. Harker gives it a mildly political cast. Her hero is a shopkeeper's son (Mr. Bashford, was sprung from a piano-tuner), and climbs into the social fold as a Liberal candidate. The rhetorical finish of his speech (like Mr. Gladstone, he addresses ladies as if they were public meetings), and the confusion into which he falls at sight of the squire's adorable wife and daughter, constantly betray his base origin. So indelibly marked is he with the habit of counter service, that, having purchased a necktie, he absentmindedly sorts the disarranged "stock" into the proper boxes while waiting for his change. But being at heart a blameless youth, a few lessons in simplicity and kindliness taken from the example of real gentlewomen greatly increase his present ability, and he is even permitted to make love—very respectfully—to Miss Mary, but certainly not to marry her. The author discreetly explains the unsuitableness of such a match and consigns Mary to the safekeeping of Capt. Reggie. There are points in the story at which we could easily persuade ourselves that we were reading a Manual of Deportment for Young Ladies—"How to approach a strange young man who has fallen into a puddle," "How to rebuke a disagreeable father without impertinence," "Teaching a self-conscious youth how to behave at a ball," etc. Enjoyable, even amusing, object-lessons, but object-lessons none the less. Mrs. Harker is really more interested in the younger members of the squire's family than in Mary and the parliamentary Gallup, but even in nursery and school-day episodes, in which she is at her best, we still suspect her of having at heart the edification of the juvenile mind.

Both these books are rich in what is known as "kindly humor." Together they contain an amount of it that is positively demoralizing, not to say smothering. What we need in these days of politely repressed smiles is a burst of healthy, conscienceless, *dangerous* laughter to clear the air.

Little Mamselle of the Wilderness: A Story of La Salle and his Pioneers. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

The sub-title at least sufficiently describes this book, in so far as it is to be described as anything but juvenile romance. Nobody else is likely to take its history as seriously as (to judge by the "Foreword") the author does. It is perfectly true, as she says, after Parkman, that La Salle was a great man; but that seems to be no fit cause for placing his helpless effigy in a nursery tale. Little Mamselle and her schoolgirl romance are the main thing. Her experiences are neither more nor less credible than the recipe calls for. That La Salle's expedition to the Mississippi should be chosen as setting for them is a purely arbitrary chance. We do not see that there is anything to be said for this sort of thing, unless that babies cry for it.

The Land of the Spirit. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In his Preface Mr. Page says that "the most notable one change in our national life in the last decade is the deepening of its note. Whereas formerly attention was given largely to things of the surface, of late the mind has been directed more to those things which lie underneath." He believes that there are signs of spiritual awakening on every hand, and gives the present title to his collection of stories "as in some sort reflecting glimpses of this new Land of the Spirit." We confess that we search in vain through these pages for any kind of novelty, whether of mind or of spirit. They seem rather a survival; theirs is the somewhat obvious piety and sentiment of the Victorian fathers. Their dealings with supernatural matters are upon the simplest of planes. There are two nativity stories, devoutly told, and a tale of Jesus appearing in a modern church and faring ill at the hands of the fashionable parishioners. For the rest, the stories are much like those which Mr. Page has collected in his other volumes, such as "In Old Virginia." Part of his charm for the public lies, no doubt, in a certain ingenuous stiffness of style not to be found in this day north of Mason and Dixon's line—the style of a Southerner "of the old school."

POSITIVISM.

The Positive Evolution of Religion. By Frederic Harrison. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

In this book the St. Paul of Positivism, as Frederic Harrison might be called, delivers what he evidently regards as his farewell message to the unregenerate world. It is composed of various essays and addresses, many of them already published elsewhere, yet put together so as to constitute a fairly unified whole. The generous appreciation which he shows of every form of religion is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the book. And this honest attempt to be always fair is especially notable from the fact that the author's one aim is to make clear how superior the Religion of Humanity is to every other form of faith and worship.

In order, apparently, to be strictly orthodox in his presentation, Mr. Harrison begins his review of religions, as all good Positivists should, with "Fetichism." This (following Comte and disregarding all later authorities) he identifies with nature worship, interpreting it as the direct worship of material objects in themselves, with nothing animistic about them. After Fetichism comes, of course, Polytheism, which, like its predecessor, has a chapter-full of praise. For the author aims to show that both of these lower stages of religion contained much that was excellent, and that all this has been preserved in purer form by the Religion of Humanity. Monotheism, we are told, is a weakening as well as an ennobling of Polytheism. Christianity is taken as the type of Monotheism, and Catholicism is declared "the only serious, enduring,

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organic form of Christianity." Except in regard to its creed, Harrison has little but praise and admiration for the Catholic Church. Three very appreciative chapters are devoted to it, and he quotes several times with approval Dr. Congreve's maxim to the effect that Positivism itself is only Catholicism *plus* science.

In the next two chapters the aged Positivist has a very good time unburdening his soul as to the varieties of religious experience in England. The Anglican Establishment has a delightful chapter to itself, and is characterized as follows:

> The Church of England is the most complex and ambiguous kind of compromise in all Christendom. It is a compromise within a compromise. It is at once Local-Catholic, Spiritual-Temporal, Sacerdotal-Individual, Sacramental-Evangelical, Ecclesiastical-Biblical. It combines every kind of contradictory. . . . Of all Protestant communities, it is the most tolerant, the most elastic, the most large-minded. . . . It has a dummy Pope and Episcopal Conclave, a dummy House of Convocation, a dummy Mass, and a dummy Penance and Absolution. None of these will work; nor are they made to work.

For "Orthodox Dissent" our author has more respect; but both it and the Established Church have the same fundamental weakness of being inconsistent and half-way devices. The Churchman should either return to Rome or become an out-and-out Protestant; and the latter, now that the infallibility of the Bible has been given up, should go on to Neo-Christianity. And Neo-Christianity cannot be consistent till it ceases to be Christian:

> Christianity as a religion rests on the divinity of Christ. If there be no miracle, there can be no divinity. If Jesus were not God, he is a rather feeble type to imitate, and an utterly vain reed to lean upon. If he be risen from the cross, it is a miracle. If he be not risen, he is not God; and if he be not God, "then is your faith vain." If Christ be a man like Socrates, put Socrates for Christ. Talk of the Imitation of Socrates; Socrates's sacrifice for our sins, our good actions being inspired by Socrates; Socrates being our mediator, and receiving us into Heaven. What nonsense would be this Religion of Socrates! So Christianity without the supernatural is nonsense also.

Thus we are driven to Theism, which, in the first place, is entirely indemonstrable, in the second place "may issue in anything," and, thirdly, "is a scheme of thought so bare, so transcendental, and so alien to human interests and sympathy, that it does not offer the basis for a religion definite enough to effect great moral and social action for masses of men." Hence a man who is both religious and logical should turn to the last refuge of all, the Religion of Humanity. This is no more atheistic than theistic. It pins its faith to natural science alone, but on the ultimate questions of the universe it has no opinion:

> It neither accepts nor disputes the solution of Natural Theology. It insists that the normal object of religious reverence lies in a wholly different sphere—not in the Incomprehensible, but in the Comprehensible; not in the universe, but in this planet; not in the Absolute, but in the Relative; not in the supernatural, but in the natural; not in the divine, but in the human world.

In spite of its negations, it is the only complete religion, and in it "are realized all the dreams of the older faiths."

Throughout the book one's attention is repeatedly drawn to the author's naïve acceptance of the unlimited sway of natural science; his utter contempt for mysticism; his failure to understand the power and necessity of tradition in matters of faith; his blindness to the beauty and universality of many of the teachings of Jesus; his strange attitude towards perfectly dead mortals as if they were deathless deities. But most fundamental of all the views which the unconverted reader finds it hard to accept is the view of religion for which this book stands. Religion is defined as "the state of harmony that results when man's entire life, both as an individual and as a member of society, corresponds with the real conditions—first of human nature; and, secondly, of the world around us." This is at best ambiguous. But whatever it may mean, surely a study of humanity and of religion will show that man has always insisted on pondering long and deeply over those ultimate questions which Positivism rules out of court, and that religion, in fact, consists just in the attitude which men take towards those very powers which Comte taught his followers systematically to ignore. Persuade humanity that it has nothing but itself to worship, and it will soon cease worshipping. To preach good will towards men is certainly a fine thing, but it is not religion; nor can you make it into religion by adding a whole calendar of "saints" and all the nine Positivist "sacraments."

THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.

Alfred Noyes, if any one, has deserved well of poetry. He has done his best to raise it from the triviality into which it has gradually fallen to something of its old-time elevation and splendor. In particular, he has sought to restore its ancient dignity of theme by a return from the petty personalities of a late decadence to historical and national subjects such as occupied it in the days of its glory. To say, then, that his latest undertaking is not wholly a success, is not to condemn it so severely as would be the case with a less attempt: in the language of one of his own Elizabethans, "suffice that great attempts have never shame." As his title implies, the author has been at pains to spin about the Mermaid Inn a series of stories more or less characteristic of its traditional frequenters, while he has given the whole collection a kind of unity by putting them all into the mouth of a "drawer" who afterwards becomes host of the tavern. About this device, with all its advantages for the story-teller, since the *raconteur* is after all a mere man of straw and mouthpiece only for the poet, there is the serious drawback that it frequently involves one narrative within another, so that the story itself finally reaches the reader at second or even third hand and as though by hearsay.

As for the "tales" themselves, Mr. Noyes has shown imagination in elaborating them—in many instances from the more or less meagre outlines of tradition. Nor is he less ingenious in the use of literary, biographical, and historical allusions, by which he seeks to give his inventions an air of plausibility and to assimilate them with reality, while he has succeeded in relieving the unavoidable monotony of his narrator's blank verse by a number of lyric passages in diversified measures.

On the whole, however, his vein is rather epic than dramatic. The moment his greater personages begin to speak for themselves, the spell is broken. No doubt, to the idolatry of a later age such a disillusion is inevitable in the case of figures like Kit Marlowe and Ben Jonson, to say nothing of Shakespeare's self, who by the way is staged but cautiously. Nevertheless, the result is the same; and the impression is strengthened rather than weakened by the poet's disposition to exaggerate the romantic legend as though in recognition of the fact that success in this kind must be something of a *tour de force* at best. In this way his principal characters come to seem bigger, brawnier, and more obstreperous even than tradition. They impend appallingly out of an intemperate Elizabethan Valhalla of cloud and fog, thunder and earthquake. But unfortunately they are sometimes more suggestive of Ancient Pistol than of his creator.

It is for this reason that the effect is happier when the narrative centres upon a minor character like Will Kemp and his nine-day morris, or when the story is elicited, as it might be, from an intermediary or bystander, as is the case with the death of Marlowe or the burial of Mary Queen of Scots. Indeed, aside from incident, where Mr. Noyes is always at his best in spite of his constant temptation to surcharge his narrative, some of the best passages in the volume are bits of secondary characterization of this kind, among which is the excellent portrait of John Ford,

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"with folded arms and melancholy hat":

For such a silent soul
Was Master Ford that, when he suddenly spake,
It struck the rest as dumb as if the Sphinx
Had opened its cold stone lips. He would sit mute,
Brooding, aloof, for hours, his cloak around him,
A staff between his knees, as if prepared
For a long journey, a lonely pilgrimage
To some dark tomb; a strange and sorrowful soul,
Yet not—as many thought him—harsh or hard,
But of a most kind patience. Though he wrote
In blood, they say, the blood came from his heart;
And all the sufferings of the world he took
To his own soul, and bade them pasture there;
Till out of his compassion, he became
A monument of bitterness. He rebelled;
And so fell short of that celestial height
Whereto the greatest only climb, who stand
By Shakespeare, and accept the Eternal Law.

Notes

For the end of this month, the Houghton Mifflin Company are offering "Happy-Go-Lucky," a story by Ian Hay; also the following educational works: "The Nation and the Empire," by Lord Milner, consisting of his more notable speeches and addresses; "Representative Cities of the United States: a Geographical and Industrial Reader for Grammar Schools," by Caroline W. Hotchkiss; "The Teaching of Spelling," by Henry Suzzallo; "How to Teach Reading," by Frances Jenkins; "Studies in Foreign Education," by Cloudesley Brereton, and "Selections from the Prose Works of Matthew Arnold," edited by W. S. Johnson.

In September Funk & Wagnalls will issue a new edition of the New Standard Dictionary.

The Century Co. announces "The Townsend Twins—Camp Directors," by W. L. Eldred; "Beaumont the Dramatist," by Charles Mills Gayley, and "Social Evolution," by T. S. Chapin.

Duffield & Company's list of autumn fiction starts with Marguerite Bryant's "The Master Passion." Other novels offered are: "Circe's Daughter," by Priscilla Craven; "A Mesalliance," by Katharine Tynan; "A Runaway Ring," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney; "Margery Fytton," by Lady Ridley; "The Sphinx in the Labyrinth," by Maude Annesley; "Molly Beamish," by H. de Vere Stacpoole, and "Uncle's Advice," by William Hewlett.

The same house will issue three volumes of unpublished correspondence of Napoleon I, edited by Lieut.-Col. Ernest Picard, translated by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton; "Goldoni; a Biography," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, and "Footprints Beneath the Snow," by Henry Bordeaux.

McBride, Nast & Co. announce for early appearance "The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu," by Sax Rohmer, and "In Midsummer Days," by August Strindberg.

Heath's Modern Language Series will include the following, now in press: Spielhagen's "Das Skelett im Hause," with notes and vocabulary by M. M. Skinner; Schmidhofer's "Zweites Lesebuch"; Stern's "Die Wiedertäufer," edited with notes, vocabulary, and questions by F. B. Sturm; "Gruss aus Deutschland," by C. H. Holzwarth; Rogge's "Der grosse Preussenkönig," edited with notes by Professor Adams; Hauff's "Der Zwerg Nase," a new edition with oral exercises, notes, and vocabulary, by O. R. Patzwald and C. W. Robson; "La France qui travaille," consisting of chapters condensed from Arduin-Dumazet's "Voyage en France," and "Mes Premiers Pas en Français," by Chapuzet and Daniels, designed for children.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace is to continue his sociological writing with a book on "The Revolt of Democracy," which will be published by Cassell.

Tables of statistics, with explanatory text, of the wheat cultivation and trade of six European nations during the years 1881-1910 are given by Mr. J. F. Unstead in the *Geographical Journal* for August. The following numbers will contain similar statistics of the other principal countries of the world. There is shown among other things the area under cultivation, the number of bushels raised to the acre, the net imports and the amount, in bushels, consumed per head. It is interesting to note that while the cultivated area has decreased in all the countries except the Austrian Empire, the amount raised has increased in Germany from 19 bushels to 29 bushels an acre. France leads in the amount consumed per head, 7.8 bushels, Norway being the lowest. The virtually unknown region on the frontier of Bolivia and Brazil is described by Lieut. H. A. Edwards, who explored it during his service on the boundary commission. Much of it is wonderfully fertile land, but in many places life is made almost unbearable by insect pests. Among these are spiders with bodies 6 inches long, whose bite is extremely poisonous. A motor road has been built through a part of the forest by a Bolivian business house at a cost of $400,000 and an annual cost of maintenance of $50,000. An interesting account of the hard life of the rubber collector is given. Mr. I. N. Dracopoli tells of a trip across Juhaland in British East Africa in order to settle a disputed question as to the disappearance of a river in the Lorian swamp.

George Palmer Putnam is convinced that the time is fast approaching when Americans will become more familiar with their Spanish neighbors in the tropics, and in his book, "The Southland of North America" (Putnam), he gives his impressions of the five republics that lie between Mexico and Panama. Costa Rica he found happy, stable, and prosperous; Salvador he calls "another republic worthy of the name." He is not sanguine about Nicaragua, over which the United States may extend a protecting wing for the purpose of preventing the building of a rival canal to the Isthmian waterway. Nicaragua's men and means are depleted, he says, and Honduras is almost as bad. Then comes Guatemala, a "land held in the iron hand of a dictator, Manuel Estrada Cabrera," who would like to extend his dominions over all Central America, which Mr. Putnam regards as a chimeric dream. "They [the people of Central America] loathe the idea as thoroughly as they dread the possibility that the ultimate intention of the United States is to annex them all—and against that they rave."

Mr. Putnam has not attempted a profound study of political conditions in Central America; rather his object has been to show that between us and our new transcontinental waterway there lies a little-known land of "glowing possibilities, unique problems, and grave responsibilities." He is a keen and sympathetic observer, and has obviously tried to put the people of Central America in a favorable light, without overlooking their shortcomings. Moreover, he has introduced the reader to cities and scenery that will call the tourist from the North when the travel tide sets through the canal for the Pacific. There are numerous illustrations in the book, and a map giving the author's route.

Readers of Jack London's "Martin Eden" may have suspected that there was a good deal of autobiography in that narrative; how much it remained for "John Barleycorn" (Century Co.) to make clear. Martin's general experience was, it seems, founded on fact. Even his astonishing transformation, in the space of two or three years, from a rough and grammarless sailor to a man of education and a popular author, appears to have been a transcript from life. It will be remembered that as a deckhand he had been an intermittent drinker, and that in his years of success he acquired an appetite for drink. Mr. London tells us that it has been so with himself. In short, this is a disconcertingly frank record of his life from the angle of John Barleycorn. It will appeal to more than one class of readers. As a tract against the saloon, and a professed argument for woman suffrage in order that the saloon may be done away with, it will please the prohibitionists and suffragists. As a record of glorious sprees and multifarious good-fellowship, it is capable of exciting thirst in the thirsty-minded. As a tract, it suffers from this drawback that the author does not pretend to have "sworn off," or even express a wish to swear off. He has acquired, he says, the habit of taking life "glass in hand," and will probably so take it to the end. There seems to be a vein of seriousness in his main contention that the inborn physical desire for drink is rare; that in the vast majority of instances the hard drinker is a forced product of the saloon system. To himself, he says, alcohol remained, through many years of use, distasteful; a social, not a physical, necessity. Everywhere the saloon was open as the meeting-place of full-blooded men, everywhere the lifted glass was the symbol of fellowship. Perhaps Mr. London does not consider as fully as he should, while he is about it, what is to become of his full-blooded men, deprived of their meeting-place and their symbol. He speaks vaguely of a substitute to be devised; but does not our experience with prohibition, at least in large cities, go to show that such a substitute will have to be perfected and set in running order before the old institution can safely be torn down?

Those who have written of early English, Scottish, Irish, or Scandinavian history have usually done so from the loyal

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point of view of the single country. In "The First Twelve Centuries of British Story" (Longmans), Mr. J. W. Jeudwine aims to write "a clear and readable story" of the relations and development of all these four peoples as a whole, so far as they were active in the British Isles between 56 B. C. and 1154 A. D. His aim is a good one, and he has read fairly widely by way of preparation for his writing. He has, however, an aversion to monastic chronicles as being narrow-minded and local. Though a barrister and member of Lincoln's Inn, he also shows a curious lack of interest in many of the more important sources for constitutional law and in such secondary authorities as Stubbs, Maitland, and Vinogradoff. Instead, he has drawn largely and effectively for picturesque material from the too-much neglected Scandinavian sagas and Irish stories. His recognition of the widely scattered Scandinavian raids and influences in the British Isles is the most distinctive, and the best part of his book. By reproducing three mediæval maps and by inserting a score of sketch maps of his own, he shows that he understands the importance of geography in the study of history. He properly tries to draw his material as much as possible at first hand direct from the sources, and evidences much independence of judgment. But his story is not systematic nor well rounded, and many of his explanations and suggestions are more ingenious than convincing. Nevertheless, both his point of view and his narrative are simple, clear, and interesting.

We have not the advantage of knowing anything of L. Penning, who has written the "Life and Times of Calvin," or the Rev. B. S. Berrington, B.A., who has translated the book from the Dutch; but the name of the publishers (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.) is a household word, which may generally be accepted as a guarantee of value for the book they send out. They have, in fact, given to this volume the only value it possesses, namely, excellent paper and handsome type. It seems simply incredible that such fatuous stuff as this could ever have passed even the first barrier of the readers who filter the turbid streams of manuscripts that flow into the publisher's office. The author seems to have modelled his style upon a rather low type of "penny thrillers," and the translator ably seconds his endeavor. There is not a gleam of scholarly purpose. The only books referred to are a few of the more available biographies. There is no bibliography and, naturally, no index. On the other hand, there are too many illustrations, some taken from familiar portraits, but others, apparently, from dramatic compositions of the cheapest sort —in the one representing Luther burning the papal bull the centre of the background shows the elector of Saxony! It would be idle to attempt specific criticism where all is beneath the level of critical comment. One has only to open the book anywhere to find one's self moved to unseemly hilarity rather than to respectful attention.

The new Oxford edition of Newman's "Apologia," edited by Wilfrid Ward, is unique in one respect and very valuable. It is well known that when Newman reprinted the work in 1865 he omitted the first part, containing the crushing retort upon Kingsley, and otherwise altered the work so as to relieve it of its ephemeral character. He was wise. The book as it has since always been reprinted is a better piece of literature without the directly and personally controversial parts. But the discarded parts have their value also as specimens of keen argument and deadly invective. By skilful editorial arrangement the present edition offers both the full original text of 1864 and the revision of 1865. The preliminary documents, leading to the controversy, are also given; and the editor in his Introduction relates the history of the event.

We may record two recent monographs which will be of interest to students of English. One belongs to the Wiener Beiträge, and is a study, by Julius Wirl, of "Orpheus in der Englischen Literatur." The other is a doctoral dissertation from the University of Virginia, and is a valuable summary of "The Relations of Latin and English as Living Languages in England During the Age of Milton," by Weldon T. Myers. This is an interesting thesis, and introduces questions of literary importance.

The spice of variety at least is not wanting in "The Confessions of a Tenderfoot" (Holt), by Ralph Stock. According to the author's story he set out from his home in England a dozen years ago to find his place in the world and made his first effort as a Canadian cowboy. Here, through many vicissitudes, due partly to youthful inexperience and partly to the unavoidable chances of the game, he learned that "life is a see-saw and one cannot always be at the upper end." His distance from the upper end during his Canadian experiences reached the point, on one occasion, of "beating his way" penniless from Maple Creek to Medicine Hat, sixty miles, by clinging to the rods on the under side of a passenger coach. Drifting on westward, he tried his fortune as a saw-mill hand and as a waiter in a hotel at Fernie, and next as an itinerant photographer, in combination with a tramp piano tuner, who told him: "Between you and me and the gate-post, I'm no great shakes at the game, but down 'ere they only know 'ow ter play 'ims and the like, wot uses the middle of the keyboard, so I just chunes the middle register and lets the rest rip. It suits them and it suits me, so wot's the odds so long as we're both 'appy?" This soon grew irksome, as did life in a Vancouver lumber-camp, which followed it. He then went to San Francisco, where he was quickly relieved of most of his ready money through trusting to the man who knew which horses to bet on at the races. "The San Francisco confidence man, through long and unhampered practice, has reduced his methods to a fine art." Honolulu and the Fijis furnished the next lecture-rooms in his School of Experience, and at length he reached Sydney, by dint of serving as a steward from Auckland, where the last of his money had deserted him. After trying through grim necessity the outdoor sleeping habit now so popular, he finally stumbled into a really lucrative job with a Sydney newspaper, contributing illustrated articles based on his Canadian photographs. This soon wore out, however, and after a disastrous effort at strawberry growing in Queensland, he at last fell into the niche for which the Fates had brought him through so many buffetings by land and sea and is now a contented pineapple grower with every prospect of continued prosperity and happiness. It is a very interesting tale, happily too unvarnished to tempt any other young man to find his place in the world by the same method.

The Proceedings of the Bostonian Society contains in addition to the annual reports of the directors and different committees the eloquent tributes to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on the presentation of her portrait to the Society. One of the speakers, ex-Gov. John D. Long, said, "Refinement, grave eloquence, the poet's inspiration, the woman's charm were hers and she was a high priestess of humanity and of patriotism. Her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' will stir its youth to loyalty and to patriotism as long as the Republic endures." An account of the great Boston fire of 1872, by Mr. H. Murdock, is also given.

The death of Henri Quatre and the resulting regency of Marie de Medici brought a reversal of French foreign policy. France and Spain, which had been so continually at war, became allies, and the alliance was cemented in 1615 by the marriage of two fifteen-year-old children, Louis XIII and Anne of Spain—called Anne "of Austria," because she was of Hapsburg blood, and to the French people of that day Hapsburg and Austria were names synonymous and equally hateful. The youthful royal pair were soon estranged by Louis's unappreciativeness and suspiciousness and by Anne's pride and too great familiarity with the Duke of Buckingham. For twenty-three years they were childless. Even the birth of the Dauphin in 1638, the later Louis XIV, and of a second son, who was the ancestor of Louis Philippe and the Orleanist line, did not make happy the relations between Louis XIII and his Spanish spouse. This whole story is told at considerable length by Martha Walker Freer in "The Married Life of Anne of Austria" (Brentano's). She rests her account chiefly upon well-known contemporary memoirs, and of these she has made good use. But she does not appear to have gathered any new material from archives, nor does she show an acquaintance with some of the best recent works in this field. Her subject matter is somewhat broader than her title might seem to suggest. For it comprises an account of the intrigues of Marie de Medici and of Richelieu's numerous enemies and of the great Cardinal's masterly way of finally triumphing over all those that plotted against him in secret. It gives the innumerable petty details of a long unhappy situation which Louis XIII himself summed up in one of his petulant outbursts: "My wife is barren, and she hates me; my mother wishes to dethrone me; my brother desires to put my crown on his head; my chief nobles dislike me—they betray me and rebel against my power. Except for M. le Cardinal I perhaps should not long keep my throne!"

The eighth volume of the Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau (Genève: A. Jullien) is devoted, as befits the volume of the bicentenary, to general survey articles. G. Lanson contributes the leading article on the "Unity of Rousseau's Thought." M. Lanson attempts to explain away the contradiction that other students have found between Rousseau's conception of man in a state of nature, ("Discours de l'Inégalité," etc.) and man in society ("Le Contrat Social"). Man, says Rousseau, naturally good,

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is corrupted by society. How then from these corrupt units are we going to get the ideally disinterested *volonté générale* of the "Contrat Social"? The youth, M. Lanson replies, who is reared according to the principles of the "Emile," will be fit to become a member of Rousseau's ideal commonwealth. This solution is opposed to what Rousseau himself says at the beginning of the "Emile": You must choose between forming the social man or the man of nature—there is no middle ground—and what he proposes to form is not *l'homme de l'homme*, but *l'homme de la nature*.

The contradiction that others find in Rousseau's thought M. Lanson discovers in his character. In his theories Rousseau is a wild revolutionary dreamer, but timid and circumspect in the last degree in everything that relates to practice. His genius, however, appears only in the stormy orchestration of the sentiments of revolt; and so, though "he understands the application of his most audacious doctrines in a way to reassure conservatives and satisfy opportunists, the work, for its part, detaches itself from the author, lives its independent life, acts by its intrinsic properties; loaded with revolutionary explosives, neutralizing the moderate and conciliatory elements Rousseau has put into it for his own satisfaction, it exasperates, inspires to revolt, inflames enthusiasms, and irritates hatreds; it is the mother of violence, the foe of compromise; it launches simple spirits, who give themselves up to its strange virtues, upon the desperate pursuit of the absolute, an absolute to be realized to-day by anarchy and to-morrow by socialistic despotism."

The influence of Rousseau on the eighteenth century is studied by D. Mornet. M. Mornet is one of the new type of scholars at the Sorbonne, who shows prodigious industry as an investigator, but whose power to handle ideas does not always equal his zeal in collecting facts. The most interesting facts that M. Mornet brings out tend to show that the taste for wild nature in the eighteenth century developed independently of the influence of Rousseau. M. Mornet would have us believe that the Jacobins were followers of Rousseau only in about the same sense that they were followers of the "sans-culotte Jésus." In asserting that "between their acts and the most certain convictions of Rousseau there are only accidental coincidences," M. Mornet reveals an inability, not merely to handle ideas, but to deal with facts. Few facts are more certain, for example, than that the passage in the "Contrat Social" on civil religion as interpreted by Robespierre sent many persons to the guillotine.

The articles on Rousseau in the nineteenth century by Harald Höffding and on Rousseau's influence on German philosophy by I. Benrubi are convenient summaries of material already familiar to students of Rousseau. Both writers are very Rousseauistic in their own point of view. New material, on the other hand, will be found in the paper on Rousseau in Switzerland by G. de Reynold. In an interesting article on Rousseau in England in the nineteenth century Edmund Gosse contends that the sudden collapse of Rousseau's prestige in England in the early years of the nineteenth century was due in large measure to the Evangelical movement. After the great romanticists, Byron, Shelley, Hazlitt, etc., the only English writers of the nineteenth century to receive an important impulse from Rousseau were Ruskin and George Eliot. Paul Seippel, in a paper on the "Religious Personality of J. J. Rousseau," cites a passage from *Le Semeur* (the chief organ of the Genevan Calvinists), exalting Rousseau as the true precursor of the modern point of view in religion. This would seem to indicate that not merely Calvinism, but Christianity in any traditional sense of the word, is in a fair way to disappear from Geneva. The volume closes with an important study of the Favre manuscript of the "Emile," and with the usual reviews and bibliography.

John Swett, one of the founders of the California public-school system, died last Friday on his ranch at Martinez, Cal. He was born at Pittsfield, N. H., July 31, 1830, and was graduated from the Merrimack Normal Institute, Reeds Ferry, N. Y., in 1851. He received the honorary degree of A.M. from the College of California and from Dartmouth in 1866. He was editor-in-chief of the *California State Educational Journal*, 1864-68. Among the books published by Mr. Swett were "History of the Public-School System of California" and "Methods of Teaching."

Olivier-Emile Ollivier, the French statesman, who died at Annecy, August 20, was in his eighty-ninth year, having been born in Marseilles in 1825. He became a member of the Paris bar in 1847, commissary-general of the republic at Marseilles in 1848, and in 1857 a député. At the time of the Franco-German War he was Prime Minister. His published works include: "Démocratie et liberté," "19 janvier," "L'Eglise et l'Etat au Concile du Vatican," "1789-1889," "Michel-Ange," "L'Empire libéral" (13 volumes), and "Marie-Magdeleine."

Science

The Childhood of Animals. By P. Chalmers Mitchell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50 net.

This volume at once recalls "The Infancy of Animals," by Pycraft, published almost in the same month. In appealing to the popular taste Dr. Mitchell has the advantage of having originally prepared much of his data in the form of a series of lectures to children. As published here they are rewritten and augmented, and yet they retain something of a naïve presentation which is particularly pleasing. Even so, the book is rather difficult reading, owing to the vast number of facts included, many of them necessarily accompanied with but little or no discussion. A good method for a book of this character would be to give in the text a few very striking, salient supporting facts, and to add in footnotes or appendix the scores of corroborating facts of more or less similar character.

The sequence of treatment is logical, the chapters having the following heads: Childhood and Youth; Metamorphoses; Duration of Youth; Color and Pattern; Brood-care; Food; The Taming of Young Animals; The Purpose of Youth and Education. The general ground covered is thus much the same as in Pycraft's book, but the psychology of the two men is so different, their points of view and facts so unlike, that the volumes are rather supplementary than conflicting.

Young animals are divided into three great classes: first, creatures like many single-celled animals which have no youth; secondly, animals whose young more or less resemble their parents, and thirdly, where the young are wholly unlike the adults, as caterpillars and butterflies. The second class, including the backboned animals, forms the subject of the volume. As Pycraft emphasized the class of birds, so Dr. Mitchell treats more in detail of the mammals, and has assembled a large number of keenly interesting and significant facts. His comparisons of the human child with monkeys and lower animals is noteworthy. A single paragraph will illustrate the novel point of view which is one of the charms of the book:

> There is also a rough correspondence between the duration of youth and the size of the creatures in the man-monkey group. A full-grown male gorilla, it is true, is larger, although not taller, than a finely built man, but the human race as a whole consists of larger and finer animals than the anthropoid apes, while these in their turn exceed the baboons, which exceed the ordinary monkeys of India and Africa, and so on down to the tiny marmosets. It is tempting to suppose that it must take longer to grow into a big animal than into a little animal. This also is true only when nearly related creatures are compared. Mere increase of bulk tells us little. A mushroom grows much more quickly than a daisy, a gooseberry and a huge vegetable marrow take nearly the same time to swell out. A human child takes nearly two hundred days to double its weight at birth, while new-born mice quadruple their weight in twenty-four hours.

And in the final summary of this important subject, one reads, "We must draw the conclusion that the rate of growth in animals has been altered in the course of evolution, and in such a fashion as to prolong youth in the higher forms. This lengthening of youth is not completely explained by increase of size, nor even by increased complexity of structure. Its advantage is that it gives the opportunity for education in the widest sense of the word, a space for experiment and for the replacing of instinct by intelligence."

The treatment of color and pattern occupies about one-fifth of the text. All the well-known theories are presented, but a half-hearted acceptance of some of the most extreme detracts from this discussion. It is, to say the least, confusing and disheartening to the lay reader to have his interest aroused in

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theory after theory and then to read, "Patterns that we think conspicuous, and brilliant colors that we have tried to explain as warning or advertising, or for purposes of recognition, or as nuptial plumage, may really be for protective or aggressive concealment." The subjects of basic interest are Brood-care, Food, and the Purpose of Youth, while the Taming of Young Animals carries the most popular appeal. The story of the hyrax, of monkeys, and other mammals is well told, and there is a scientific explanation of why the cat prefers to "walk alone."

The illustrations are unusual. Those in the text of pencil are faint but diagnostic, while those in color are both artistic and very accurate, and as striking as any which have been published for a long time.

An English translation of Gustav Eiffel's work, "The Resistance of the Air and Aviation," translated by James C. Hunsaker, and Vol. II, part iv, of Charles Sprague Sargent's "Trees and Shrubs," will be issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company shortly.

Dr. Edwin Ellen Goldmann, professor of surgery in the University of Freiburg in Baden, has died at the age of fifty. His books deal chiefly with diphtheria, tuberculosis, and malignant growths.

Drama and Music

A DEMOCRATIC ART.

If Tolstoy were alive to-day, it is not unlikely that he would find in the "movies" a close approximation to his ideal of art. A direct and universal appeal to the elementary emotions—that was the standard which Tolstoy held up in opposition to the exaggerations, the aberrations, and the obscurities of the Shakespeares, the Goethes, and the Richard Wagners. The Russian's ultimate test of a work of art was its appeal to the untutored but unspoiled peasant. The cinematograph meets this test completely. The Russian *mujik* is under the spell of the films. India's millions are deserting the story-tellers and the jugglers of the bazaar for the moving-picture shows. China, Peru, and Washington Heights have succumbed to the photo-play. All nations, all ages, all classes, both sexes—it is inconceivable how art can be more popular than that.

But the moving-picture show is something more than popular. It is intimate. To an extraordinary extent it is entering into the daily thought of the masses. The good men and women who are fond of writing on literature and life, who are devoting themselves to the task of bringing the drama into touch with the life of the people, must be amazed, and slightly chagrined, at the intensity with which the film-play has seized upon the popular imagination. The crowds not only throng to the shows; they talk about them, on street corners, in the cars, and over the hoods of baby carriages. From time to time there have been plays in the regular theatre which have become the theme of general discussion. There have been players whom the public has made its favorites. But the theatre as an institution has hardly impressed itself upon the popular mind in this country. A show was either good or bad, and there it ended with the ordinary theatre-goer. The technique of the theatre was a subject for professionals and "highbrows." But the crowd discusses the technique of the moving-picture theatre with as much interest as literary salons in Paris or London discuss the minutiæ of the higher drama. The crowd knows how the films are made, and what it costs to make them, and who the leading actors in the show are. The producers of these shows have achieved an extraordinary triumph. They have converted their entire audience into first-nighters.

The interest of the masses in the moving-picture show is even more personal than that. They are not only spectators and critics, but to a very considerable extent they are the authors. Everybody is writing moving-picture scenarios. In part it may have been a real dearth of ideas which induced the film-producers to appeal for contributions to the nation at large. In part it may be excellent business to inoculate the audiences, not excluding children of the grammar grades, with the virus of authorship. The regular theatre draws a not inconsiderable part of its revenue from "students" of the drama who go to the theatre in order to learn how to write plays. The number of those thus directly interested in the moving-picture plays must be enormous. In a very real sense the photo-play then becomes a truly popular art. The operatic composer will strive to give reality—and popularity—to his music by incorporating folk-themes into his score. To the extent that the music of the masses enters into the finished product the composer's art is a popular art. The moving-picture showman goes much further than the composer can go by throwing upon the screen the very ideas supplied him by the crowd in the seats.

It is not a very high art, this art of the photo-play as created for the masses and largely by them. The authors on the benches reveal the common predilection of the popular taste for the lurid and the fantastic. But in this the moving-picture show merely takes the place of the old-fashioned melodrama. And it has the added advantage of realism. The setting of the photo-play is incomparably more real than anything even a Belasco can give us. It reproduces action in real deserts, on real oceans, in real forests. The heroine walks out of a very actual cottage, down actual steps, and takes a perfectly authentic trolley car to a real department store. The audience knows that these things and the trees, rocks, bridges, boats, and guns are absolutely true to life, because it has often seen the man with the camera at work. To watch one of these exhibitions is like seeing an animated popular magazine without the labor of turning the pages. And like the picture magazine it requires no thought and little attention.

Whereas in New York last season (as always) Wagner was considerably ahead of Puccini, in London, during the season ended last month, these two favorites came out with equal honors. The opera which was heard most frequently, however, was "Tosca," which was sung eight times. Verdi received scant honor, though this is his centenary year. Apart from "Aïda," which was sung seven times, there were only two performances of "Traviata" and one of "Rigoletto." There were two novelties, Camussè's "Du Barry" and Waltershausen's "Oberst Chabert," which were given twice.

"An indefinable something that left a decidedly unpleasant flavor, something artistically almost gangrenous," characterized, according to the London *Telegraph*, all the new ballets introduced last season by the Russian dancers, among them Debussy's "Jeux," Florent Schmitt's "La Tragédie de Salomé," and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps."

Compared with their colleagues in London, the musical critics of New York and other American cities are fortunate, since their season extends over only seven months, after which they can loaf, travel, or change their employment, whereas the London critic has only a few weeks to rest his tired ears. As summed up by Mr. Kalisch, the London season, including the important Promenade Concerts, lasts about forty-nine weeks out of the fifty-two. For at least forty weeks there are seven working days in the week, and for nine months there are concerts in the afternoon as well as in the evening, not to speak of operas. "The worst is that the greatest rush comes at the end, just when music-lovers and music-makers everywhere else begin to rest, and when everybody is beginning to feel that the end would be welcome; and it is inevitable, because that is the time when there are the largest number of strangers in London."

Italy is no longer the world's chief source of new operas. In Germany last season the enormous number of 265 operatic novelties were staged, and the great majority of them were home-made. Of these 265 operas, two hundred and sixty-five, or thereabouts, seem to have been failures. It is interesting to note that the leading musical associations of Germany have issued a public appeal to parents and educators to dissuade young people from entering the musical profession, because the average income of musicians is less than that of common laborers.

Theodore Spiering, who was concertmas-

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ter of the New York Philharmonic for some years and conducted a number of concerts during the illness of Gustav Mahler, is now in Berlin, where his latest duty is the conducting of the People's Free Stage. This society has 50,000 members, who provide the funds for twenty-five free concerts and plays during the season.

One of the most interesting features of the MacDowell Festival in Peterboro, N. H., this week, is the performance of MacDowell's "Indian Suite" in the pine forest, which is said to have acoustic qualities unequalled by any out-of-doors auditorium. The seating capacity of this place is about 1,200; it has a fine view of Mt. Monadnock for a background.

Michael Maybrick, English musical composer, who, under the name of "Stephen Adams," wrote many popular songs, is dead at the age of sixty-nine. He was a native of Liverpool, but had lived for many years in the Isle of Wight, where he devoted himself to municipal politics, serving five times as Mayor of Ryde. Some of his best-known songs are "The Holy City," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Nancy Lee," "A Warrior Bold," "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," and "The Midshipmite."

Art

WATTS AND HIS ART.—II.

II.

Rossetti once in a rare moment of affluence hired a hansom and took young Burne-Jones to Little Holland House to see a painter who "paints a queer sort of pictures about God and creation." The casual phrase still pretty well describes the attitude of the ordinary person towards Watts's symbolistic compositions. Our immediate concern is to ask why Watts quit history for his symbols. In the first place, his historical compositions had been very much a by-product of successful competitions. The pictures represented opportunities which chanced never to recur. Then it is likely that he may already have had misgivings as to the validity of the *genre*. In his later years he used to insist that the only truthful historical art was portraiture. As early as 1848 he entertained the scheme of forming a gallery of portraits of his great contemporaries—a purpose inflexibly maintained for more than fifty years. Aside from this new and absorbing emprise the turn-over into symbolism seems to me a natural expression of a soul profoundly religious yet discontented with outworn forms of Christian mythology. Watts's task was to ascertain the essential ideals of a holy life, and to find human forms that might fitly impersonate these ideals. In the first quest, he often admitted himself, he invented nothing, for Love and Death, and Life and Hope, and Greed and Time, and Hate and Valor, are always present to every thinking soul. In the second quest, that of finding human symbols for these great forces, he had the guidance of Pheidias and Titian, and, of course, many accepted types lay ready in classical and Biblical legend; but the achievement of fitting the residual faith of his age with appropriate symbols must count among the supreme efforts of creative imagination. For there is nothing cold about the mythology of Watts. His heroic forms are the very antipodes of those sleek transcriptions from the model which grace so many public halls in France and America. They are warm with life, portentous with meaning. It is easy to hate them, and a certain kind of realist or impressionist is probably bound to hate them. It is easy to mock at them, but impossible to forget them. They are as personal as a vision of Giorgione or Blake, and no artist ever needed less a signature. The double process of framing a kind of theology and inventing its symbols is, so far as I know, unique in the history of art. Blake, no doubt, is the nearest parallel, and to him was denied the discipline of monumentality.

Whether my explanation of Watts's symbolistic trend convinces or not, at least the stages of the development may quite accurately be traced. In 1848, the year of revolutions, he planned a comprehensive scheme of decoration to be called The House of Life—a project so significant of his way of thinking that we must linger over it. Very interesting is the constant mixture of history and symbolism, and especially significant the way in which forces, ideals, and abstractions assume human form. This is the true mythological temper. Watts's memorandum runs:

> The ceiling to be covered with the uniform blue of space, on which should be painted the Sun, the Earth, and the Moon, as it is by their several revolutions and dependence upon each other that we have a distinct notion of and are able to measure and estimate the magnitude of Time. The progress of Time and its consequent effect I would illustrate for the purpose of conveying a moral lesson—the design of Time and Oblivion would be exactly in its place. To complete the design, the Earth should be attended by two figures symbolic of the antagonistic forces, Attraction and Repulsion. I would then give, perhaps, upon one-half of the ceiling, which might be divided with a gold band on which the Zodiac might be painted, a nearer view of Earth, and by a number of gigantic figures stretched out at full length to represent a range of mountains, typifying the rocky structure or skeleton. These I would make very grand and impressive, in order to emphasize the insignificance of man. The most important (to us) of the constellations should shine out of the deep ultramarine firmament. Silence and mighty repose should be stamped upon the character and disposition of the giants, and revolving centuries and cycles should glide, personified by female figures of great beauty, beneath the crags upon which the mighty forms should lie, to indicate (as compared with the effect upon man and his works) the non-effect of time upon them.
>
> Then I would begin with man himself, trace him through his moral and political life; first the hunter stage. . . . Next the pastoral state. . . . This is the Golden Age, the age of poetry. . . . There would be a great chance of exquisite subjects to illustrate this epoch, and here might be introduced the episode of Job.
>
> Next should be man—the tyrant—the insidious oppressor—the slave, a dweller in cities—the Egyptians raise the pyramids, etc.

Here the manuscript becomes discontinuous, but there seems to have been intended a pageant of the progress of civilization, through the ages, to the preaching of Peter the Hermit. All along would have been depicted, with the mythology of each people, those heroes whom he regarded as most instrumental in the spiritual advancement of the race. Watts later remarked that "with certain material advantages, which would have caused me by their nature to weld my thoughts into a regular form, I think my efforts might have been given place as an epic." The observation shows a curious lack of understanding of what an epic is. Yet I think the mood skeptical will in a fair-minded person yield to the conviction that, given the "material advantages," Watts would have produced, not the epic, but a decorative sequence which might fully have realized his ambition "to do for modern thought what Michelangelo did for theological thought."

One's confidence in his power to execute so grandiose a scheme must rest upon the great fresco of Justice which he executed between 1852 and 1859 for the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. Many interruptions, including an archæological trip through the Greek Islands to the site of the Mausoleum, delayed the work. In the swift and nervous transfer of his designs to the wet plaster he found the chanting of the choristers an inspiration and solace. Always he loved to parallel his art with music, endeavored himself to master the violin, even dreamt occasionally of composing solemn anthems. The Justice, with its half-circle of great lawgivers, is, everything considered, the finest true fresco executed since the Renaissance. It grows, as such compositions inevitably must, out of Raphael's Disputa and School of Athens, but it has fuller and more satisfactory color. Unlike these hemicycle compositions as a class, it is warm and appealing, without pose or frigidity. Like Raphael's philosophers, these famous justiciaries move in a larger air than ours, yet keep their credibility and retain our sympathy. In monumentality and repose it seems to me to excel the best decoration of Delacroix, while it leaves the best of Puvis looking a little bleak and bloodless. The great fresco for Lincoln's Inn was done, at the painter's suggestion, for the costs, but the benchers insisted on adding a hand-

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some testimonial. Watts characteristically declared his most accomplished and consistent work to be a failure, but in his later years he valued it, and its successful cleaning and preservation from London soot just before he died was a source of great satisfaction to him. It was his single venture in that mixed form which we may call pedantically typological design, it suggests what the House of Life might have been in its historic portions, and it serves as the transition from history to pure symbolism.

To the sixties belong the designs of the Court of Death; Time, Death, and Judgment; The Genius of Greek Poetry, Ariadne in Naxos, Daphne, and Pygmalion. The still more famous compositions, Love and Death, Love and Life, and Hope, belong to the seventies. And in the next decade, as he passed three score and ten, an epic of Genesis, comprising the three Eves and the story of Cain, was partly executed, being a fragmentary episode of the House of Life. The last twenty years of his life were largely devoted to revising and perfecting the old designs, to increasing the gallery of great contemporaries, and to finishing his portrait statue of Tennyson for Lincoln, and the plaster model of the colossal horseman typifying Physical Energy. Only such general landmarks may be noted, since years often elapsed between the tracing of a composition on the canvas and its completion. The older he grew the closer became his dual allegiance to portraiture and pure symbolism, so that if one had to represent his maturity by two pictures, one might well choose the second Hope of 1885, sounding her broken harp among azure depths, and the magnificent Walter Crane of 1891.

III.

Concerning the critic's duty, Watts has left the following warning:

> Critics usually fail because they do not regard art and literature from the same point of view, and as occupying the same level, seldom taking into account what the artist has to say, but only how he has said it. When a literary production is offered to the world, the first thing to be considered is, whether from a literary or historical or religious or scientific point of view it has any reason for existing at all, and after that its merits as a literary production. Until something of the kind is applied to art the critic can hardly be of service to the artist.

Accepting as I do this definition of the critic's function, our chief concern is to weigh the value of the kind of thought and feeling in which Watts chose to live. But before raising this crucial matter certain technical questions may properly be faced. For if it be true that what counts is the greatness of the artist's soul, it is also true that his means of expression must be adequate. If those critics are right who assert that Watts's handling is hesitant and bad, his design extravagant, his color lurid and inharmonious, why, then, whatever the seriousness of his inspiration, he remains a painter of minor order. His devotees must undergo the reproach of insensitiveness to fine painting as such, and his considerable vogue among the *intellectuels* of to-day may be reckoned a kind of sentimentalism.

As a matter of fact, I believe Watts was one of the few notable technicians of our day, in the sense of having a distinctive personal message of an important kind and of working out an individual and appropriate rhetoric. Men who pass as great modern technicians, for example, Whistler and Manet, have frequently been mainly dexterous and have left pictures that are already perishing. On the basal points of design Watts habitually practiced the syncopated forms of representation which were proper to his heroic subjects and scale, and which for that matter he found in the Parthenon marbles and Titian. But Cézanne or Degas himself was not more scrupulous in indicating the essential differences between hard and soft, stiff and flexible. There is no uncertainty as to the movement, mass, and bony structure of a Watts figure. If he waived the modern fanatical emphasis of mass, it was because his purpose was decorative and moral, and not fully pictorial. In the easy and impressive adjustment of heroic forms within a rhythmical design he revived convincingly the grand manner of the High Renaissance. Certain summary indications of landscape in him are unique in art. His color has distinctive and beautiful traits. Certain blues seem the very sign of immensity; certain reds, of the perils that beset the soul, besides glowing intrinsically with the force of sapphire and carbuncle. And these effects of color in the major chord Watts obtained by setting dry color alongside of dry color without varnishing, glazing, or other hazardous and perishable manipulation. Nobody commanded the colors as he did. The Hope is as lovely an arrangement in blue as Cazin or Whistler ever conceived, with the advantage of its meaning to boot. I can think of no picture that rivals it on its own ground except another equally famous subject-picture and equally precious in tone, Winslow Homer's Eight Bells.

In Watts's portraiture the infinity of little touches have been objected to. But each stroke makes for vitality and character and luminousness. Set a good Watts portrait beside a good Bonnat, and it will be easy to see which has been done to death by painstaking, which enriched. In fact, the general disposition to see in Watts a feeble executant represents a common misunderstanding as to what fine technique in painting really is. The modern eye sets undue store by what it calls tone, meaning only the muted harmonies of color; and confuses fine brushwork with mere dexterity. Now, of dexterity, Watts had, as he confessed himself, very little and increasingly less. In his later years he rarely could compass the suavity and directness of the sketch of Lady Somers and the portrait of Mrs. Wyndham. It was his belief that no solemn emotion could be expressed by the swift and nervous handling so much in vogue. His method was consciously slow and deliberate, but assured and progressive. Where he failed, as it seems to me he did in the more florid Eve, in the urchin called Whence-Whither? and in the more cadaverous and seer-like of the Tennyson portraits, the fault was in conception and not in execution. I can see that an eye trained to modern naturalistic color will resent a coloration that is conventional, decorative, and often symbolic, but I cannot conceive of anybody, who has fairly grasped and accepted the intention of the portraits and compositions, wishing them other than they are. And as to lack of dexterity, imagine our requiring it of a poet, setting him down as an incompetent because he lacks the swoop of the trained journalist. Yet some such exaction we do lay upon the painter, forgetting that dexterity, an excellent capacity in itself, is proper only to him whose subject matter lends itself to swift choice, understanding, and execution. No, Watts was not dexterous, but in the resolute attack upon the fundamental problems of form and color, and in a solution personal, meaningful, and instinct with a peculiar solemn beauty, Watts may surely be ranked with the very few great technicians of his century.

IV.

By his own standards this would be doubtful praise. He held that only expression counted, and that methods of expression which obtrude themselves are bad. And, in fact, any fair estimate of Watts's art implies, as I have said, a criticism of his entire stock of ideals. He represents a kind of mysticism, which, while alien to the ordinary man of his day, was characteristic of the finest spirits of the Victorian age. James Drummond, the evangelist; Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, Browning, George Eliot, Frederic Harrison, Ruskin, and less markedly Carlyle, illustrate various phases of a common tendency to identify religion with serious contemplation of social ethics. Most of these thinkers set a minimum value on cult and dogma and ecclesiastical tradition, proceeding to a kind of reconstruction of values in the light of social duty. This was the mood of Watts, and on more than one occasion he spoke of his works as "ethical reflections." Such a life constitutes a sort of *via media* between self-sufficing

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faith in authority and the prevalent materialism. About the only religious discovery of the Victorian age was this middle course. The alternative seemed, perhaps falsely, to be sheer materialism, the orthodox scientific attitude. For the materialist life is a curious chemistry, of which thought is a mechanical product and death the mere clogging. Sin and virtue are implied in physical reactions running back indefinitely through a widening group of ancestors. Hence, conscience is largely a morbid excess of memory. Love is simply a tardy product of sexual differentiation. Justice is what has on the whole proved tolerable and convenient in restraining the individual for the common weal. Soul is the capacity for maintaining the bodily chemistry, and is virtually uniform from the amœba to Shakespeare. So, axiomatically, materialism explains the issues of life and death, and where it admits mystery it counsels indifference, since nothing has value for life which is not clearly knowable. Such is the orthodox scientific attitude with which the Victorian age had to cope, and it is fair to add that on such a basis a fine stoicism is possible.

But indifference, the mediæval sin of *accidia*, was the most impossible vice for a true Victorian to acquire, and with few exceptions the finest spirits revolted vehemently against the simple materialistic formula for "seeing life as it is." Some, with Cardinal Newman, reacted into obscurantism, more worked out the middle road of which Tennyson and Browning are the poets and Watts is the artist champion. To hold to the essentials of Christianity while divesting it of outworn mythology was the task. Or rather to substitute for the old a new, human, and valid mythology, based upon the most general ideas. A poet indeed could stop short of the mythological stage. Great words and ideas suffice him. A painter must see his ideas in clear vision or keep them out of his art.

Watts saw them in exalted human form, and his gift was to be very clear in his generalities. It is significant that as convinced a Christian as he almost never treated a Biblical theme, and then only such as are most unspecific and broadly typical—Eve, Cain, the Good Samaritan. It was as if he would not compromise his faith by linking it with disputable matter of fact, nor cheapen sacred legend itself by a merely imaginative adherence. With regard to classical mythology, where symbolic values were overt and no issue of fact implied, he pursued a freer course. But his chief concern was to ascertain the elemental human values of his time, and to create therefor an appropriate mythology less vulnerable than the old. He conceived man as projected between the mysteries of Life and Death and sustained in his perilous transit by that summation of the virtues, Love, fortified, too, by the remembrance of such as have greatly loved and endeavored. So far his moral dynamic was that of his age. Where the great artist in him came out was in the imperious need of giving visible and human form to these simple elements of a spiritually contemplative life. Nowhere did he show himself more the artist than in his life-long dissent from the literalism of his friend Ruskin, and his vindication of the right of the soul to shadow forth its finest intimations by its own light. So he became a myth-maker—enduing with our own flesh the forces and ideals with which we must live—but of myths Platonically simple and defensible. In his embodiments he sought the aid of those artists who have envisaged mankind with the most candid and hopeful eyes—Pheidias and Giorgione and Titian. Perhaps his chief significance is to have linked a peculiarly modern way of thinking with the noblest traditional forms of sculpture and painting. In energy of creation he was among the greatest artists of his century. Delacroix at times excels him, but is febrile and of shifting viewpoint. Against Watts's energy of invention, a true *furia* for all its sweet reasonableness, the lovely retrospective idyllism of Burne-Jones and Puvis assumes a pallor of irreality. Rossetti's mediævalism looks flimsy, Besnard's amazing and genial pyrotechnics merely theatrical. The men who best bear the comparison with him are those of wholly alien genius: masters of shorthand like Manet and Courbet and Winslow Homer, scornful stylists like Whistler and Degas, strenuous devotees of mass such as Cézanne. In creative accomplishment and valid relationship to the great art of old none seems to stand so well beside him as Millet, who, refining his actual observations into types, seems tc represent a more normal exercise of the artistic spirit. More normal, possibly, only when viewed by our modern standards, for the way of Watts was very much that of the Greeks and the great Italians.

I have written vainly if any one confuses the eminently creative methods of Watts with the arid theological symbolism of the Middle Ages which it superficially recalls, or yet with the cheap symbolism of current decoration—the exuberant front of the Paris model as Plenty, her muscular back as Industry. This is merely a survival of the early eighteenth-century fashion of capitalizing all personified abstractions. From the model Watts made the most scrupulous studies, but when his great canvases were in progress no model was present. He was a true visionary, but of the mind's eye.

A kind of abstract vitality his compositions and portraits should always retain. His gift of embodying the finest essence of the individual soul and the bare elements of moral thinking should retain permanent value. His gallery of portraits alone will give permanency and dignity to what otherwise would pass chiefly for a shopkeeping and ironmongering age. The representative and Victorian value of his symbolic designs may well fluctuate, as men think well or ill of the Victorian *via media*. His art is not likely to confront a more materialistic age than that through which it won in his life-time. Some more delicate moral adjustment, however, than his own and his friend Tennyson's the future may well have in store. Yet even so, his mood was so elemental and warm that life should persist in it, so simple that it should readily adjust itself to other modes of thinking. While his concrete qualities of noble line and mass and splendid color and reflective handling are so eminent that they should ever appeal to the enlightened dilettante, if, indeed, the future is to keep a place for a type of detached enthusiasm of which Watts himself thoroughly disapproved.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Excavations were continued at Corfu during the last season by Prof. W. Dörpfeld with important results. Previously only ruins of historic times had been found, dating no further back than the fifth or sixth century B. C.; but this year's excavations in the northwest corner of the island and on the southern side of Cape Kephali have resulted in discoveries going back to the Stone Age. They include several stone hand mills in which the corn was ground into flour in a cavity in a stone block by means of heavy stone balls, some of which have also been found. Toothed flint blades have also been brought to light, as well as handmade pottery of the pre-Mycenæan period. Of the Mycenæan period there have so far been found only a few fragments, not as yet sufficient to justify the assumption that they are those of the town of the Homeric King Alcinous. Of great interest, however, is the existence in the sea at some distance from Cape Kephali of a rock resembling a sailing ship, which is still known as Karavi, "the vessel." This rock is mentioned by the ancient geographers, Strabo and Ptolemy, as Ulysses's vessel turned to stone.

Excavations on the site of the Etruscan town of Vejum, near Rome, have revealed the existence of five temples, a theatre, a circus, and many dwelling houses. Vases, arms, and jewels have been found in considerable numbers, and these objects are to be housed in a museum, which it is intended to build on the site of the town for this purpose.

The Italian Archæological Mission headed by Professor Halbherr has recently made some interesting discoveries in Crete. A temple to Egyptian divinities was unearthed at Cortina, with a dedication on one of the architraves by Flavia Philyra, who had the building erected. In a cell were found statues of Jupiter, Serapis, Isis, and Mercury; also fragments of a colossal statue of a woman, and a bust of a woman which is thought to be that of the foundress of the temple. On the south of the building was

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discovered a little flight of steps leading down to a subterranean pool, where religious ceremonies of purification used to be celebrated; on the side of this staircase are two niches for small statues. The mission also found in the interior of the island a large number of hitherto unpublished epigraphic texts.

The discovery of a large ossuary near the port of Talamone, in the province of Grosseto, has been announced. The discovery is on the scene of the Battle of Talamon, fought in the year 225 B. C., during the invasion of Italy by the Gauls, when the invading hordes, as recorded by Polybius, were defeated by the Romans under the consuls Papus and Regulus. The ruins of a Temple of Thanksgiving, erected by the Romans in memory of this victory, were unearthed in 1892, and further important discoveries are expected as a result of the present excavations.

The death, at sixty-three, is announced of the French painter, Aimé-Nicolas Morot. He studied under Cabanel, and in 1873 won the Prix de Rome with his painting, La Charge des Cuirassiers à Reichshoffen, now in the Luxembourg. He decorated the ceiling of the Hôtel de Ville with a series of frescoes representing French dances at various periods of history. His portrait of Paul Deschanel was hung at the last salon. Other paintings by Aimé Morot are portraits of the Prince d'Arenberg, of Mme. Aimée Morot et sa Fille, and of the painter, Ernest Hébert.

Finance

THE RELAXING FINANCIAL STRAIN ABROAD.

During the past six months, possibly the most troublesome fact in the financial situation has been the strained condition of the European money markets and of the great European banks. This, as every one now knows, was a consequence, first, of the prodigious demands on credit, through the quite unprecedented mass of new security issues; next, of the further requisitions on bank resources, due to the Balkan War, and finally, of the depletion of Europe's bank reserves through hoarding of cash by the European people, in their fear of a general war.

For many months, these great foreign institutions have been striving to build up their reserves from outside sources, while at the same time holding down home demands on credit. The American market was drawn upon for gold, to the amount (wholly unprecedented for the first seven months of any year) of $43,000,000. This went mostly to the Bank of France, to offset the French people's hoarding. The Bank of England drew gold from the Transvaal; the Imperial Bank of Germany drew from England, from Holland, and later from the scattered reserves of Germany itself. At length, a few weeks ago, the South American markets gave up $25,000,000 to $35,000,000 gold, which went to London, Paris, and Berlin.

The outcome is somewhat remarkable. Last Thursday the Bank of England reported £42,297,000 gold in its reserve, an increase of £1,385,000 from a year ago, of £15,250,000 since the beginning of July, and the largest holding, with the exception only of a single week in 1911 and one in 1910, of any week in seventeen years. The only period in history when the Bank of England has for any consecutive period held an equal or greater stock of gold was the period from September 18, 1895, to September 9, 1896.

The other European banks have a similar story to report, and the European money and stock markets have at length begun to take full account of it. Just how much this new order of things will affect the general position of affairs, it is not wholly easy to determine, but the expected strain on the autumn money markets has been little talked about, since the rise in these bank resources. Confronted, first, with the building-up of the German Reichsbank's gold reserve to by far the highest figure in its history; then with the rise in the Bank of England's gold supply to a level not approached at this date in any of the past sixteen years, and at length with the addition of $11,000,000 gold to the French Bank's holdings in two weeks—even the skeptical and incredulous European financial communities have now been driven to admit that the situation on the eve of autumn has been radically altered.

It is quite true that much of this new gold has been obtained from South American markets, which surrendered it reluctantly, and which may find themselves embarrassed at the loss of it. The greater part of what Germany has obtained has been got through substituting small notes of the Reichsbank for the coin which the German people formerly carried in their pockets—a substitution which may obstruct the ready redemption of such note circulation. But, on the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that the problem of the European banks and money markets, for many months, has been how to get back from its hiding-places the mass of gold and silver locked up by the Continental public during the period of political alarm.

This hoarded cash has seemed to return very slowly to the bank reserves and to general circulation, even when peace in Europe was assured. There was no such sudden outpour, from the old stockings, and the chimney corners, and the safe deposit vaults, as occurred in this country at the end of 1907. But of that it should be remarked that even in the United States the "currency premium" did not disappear, or the hoarded cash come out, until the public at large had visible evidence that our banks were rapidly building up reserves to normal, with gold drawn from other countries.

It was the sight of these new reserves, and the inference that the American banks would soon be indifferent to the hiding away of cash by frightened individuals, which inspired those individuals all at once to give up their hoards. It has taken longer for the European banks to achieve this end in the present money-hoarding episode, but they have now achieved it. The inference drawn by Europe may be judged from this week's Lombard Street prediction, that the present Bank of England rate—which, though very high for midsummer, would be relatively low for an autumn market—will be raised no higher during 1913.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baedeker's Switzerland. 1913. Scribner. $2.40.
Barus, Carl. The Diffusion of Gases Through Liquids, and Allied Experiments. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Beach, Rex. The Iron Trail. Harper. $1.35 net.
Beresford, J. D. A World of Women. Macaulay Co. $1.35 net.
Bigelow, M. M. The Law of Estoppel. Sixth edition, revised by J. N. Carter. Boston: Little, Brown.
Birmingham, G. A. The Northern Iron. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. $1.20 net.
Bishop, J. B. The Panama Gateway. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Bonner, Geraldine. The Book of Evelyn. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Bullock, S. F. A "Titanic" Hero: Thomas Andrews, Shipbuilder. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. 50 cents net.
Bynner, Witter. Tiger. Kennerley. 60 cents net.
Call, W. T. Midget Problems (Checkers). Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Author. 50 cents.
Cannan, Gilbert. Round the Corner. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Cannon, W. A. Botanical Features of the Algerian Sahara. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Chatterton-Hill, Georges. The Philosophy of Nietzsche. D. Appleton.
Coddington, W. P. Plain Thoughts on Faith and Life. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Crossley, Ruth. Sunny Hour Story Book; When Mother Reads to Us. Platt & Peck. 50 cents each.
Dimock, A. W. Dick Among the Miners. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Elson, W. H. Primary School Reader. Book Three. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 45 cents.
Enock, C. R. The Republics of Central and South America. Scribner.
Folsom, J. W. Entomology, with special reference to Biological and Economic Aspects. Second revised edition. Phila.: Blakiston. $2.25 net.
Focte, J. S. The Comparative Histology of the Femur. Smithsonian Institution of Washington.
Fowler, N. C., jr. The Art of Story-Writing. Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.
Glass, N. R. The Mountain Spring and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Graham, R. B. C. William Morris. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Grinnell, G. B. Jack, the Young Cowboy. Stokes. $1 net.
Howard, Mrs. B. C. Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen. New, revised edition. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co.
Lee, F. T. The New Testament Period and Its Leaders. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
Lind-af-Hageby, L. August Strindberg, the Spirit of Revolt: Studies and Impressions. D. Appleton.

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Mississippi Historical Society Publications. Vol. XIII. University, Miss.
Ordway, E. B. Handbook of Conundrums. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
Paine, R. D. The Steam-Shovel Man. Scribner. $1 net.
Parce, Lida. Economic Determinism. Chicago: Kerr & Co. $1.
Russell, G. W. Coöperation and Nationality. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. 50 cents net.
Steegmann, M. G. Bianca Cappello. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. $2.50 net.
Thirty Years of New York, 1882-1912: Being a History of Electrical Development. New York Edison Co.
Thompson, R. C. A New Decipherment of the Hittite Hieroglyphics. London: Society of Antiquaries.
Wigmore, J. H. Principles of Judicial Proof. Boston: Little, Brown.
Wilde, Oscar. Poetical Works. Crowell. 60 cents.
Williams, Archibald. How to Make Things. Sully & Kleinteich. $1.20 net.
Wilson, Philip. The Beginnings of Modern Ireland. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. $3.25 net.
Woolley, E. M. The Cub Reporter. Stokes. $1 net.
Wynne, May. The Story of Heather. Nelson & Sons. $1 net.

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